

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Passing of Dictators Climaxes Downfall of Axis in Europe; Map Swing to One-Front War

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of Western Newspaper Union's news analysis and not necessarily of this newspaper.)



Under cover of tank, Soviet infantrymen storm Nazi stronghold in Berlin during death fight for capital.

EUROPE: Inevitable Ends

Accused outside of his own country, with no hope of refuge as Allied armies closed on Germany's final redoubts, Adolf Hitler reportedly died amid the ruin of his own dreams, following his one-time partner, Benito Mussolini, in death by three days.

Adolf Hitler

A "has-been" for two years, Mussolini's death possessed none of the import of Hitler's although even his was tempered by the fact that the breakdown of the German army largely counteracted any fanatical resolutions he might have had to carry on the war.

Immediate effect of Hitler's death was to bring about the formation of a German government under Grand Adm. Karl Doenitz less offensive to the Allies at a time when peace negotiations were proceeding. Though Nazi, Doenitz principally has concerned himself with naval affairs, thus avoiding any of the stigma associated with the party's political machinations. He moved to surround himself with similar prominent men, who, at least, pretended to serve their country as Germans rather than as Nazis.

Bitter Cup
Reportedly dying with his boots on in the once grandiose, now rubble reichschancellery in Berlin where he was supposed to have directed the city's defenses through its fatal stand, Hitler did not pass on until he had seen his own greater reich split to pieces by advancing Allied armies.

Berlin itself was a shambles as the fuchser died, with that once proud German capital lying in a ruin of masonry and twisted girders as the Russians took over street after street in bitter house to house fighting, with Nazi fanatics standing true to Hitler's orders to resist to the last.

To the north, Russian units were racing westward across the Baltic coast to clean up a formidable defensive pocket with British and American troops advancing eastward. Due west of Berlin, U. S. and Russ forces already had solidly linked up, while to the south, French and Yank columns drove deep into the Bavarian Alps and faced through Austria for another junction with Red troops, which would not only seal that country's fate but also forge a ring of steel around Czechoslovakia.

That was the picture of Germany that lay before Adolf Hitler as he went down fighting "against Bolshevism."

Il Duce Philosophizes

"No tree reaches the sky"—thus spoke bald, stocky, bull-necked Benito Mussolini before his summary execution by Italian Partisans in northern Italy that touched off a wave of killings of ex-fascists, which prompted Allied officials to call a halt to spare the country a blood-bath.

Captured with his dark and comely 25-year-old mistress and neo-fascist accomplices while attempting to flee to Switzerland, the 61-year-old ex-dictator, who had ruled his country high-handedly for 20 years, was shot in the back shortly before Axis

armies in Italy surrendered to Lt. Gen. Mark Clark.

Looking back upon the events of this war the Duce said: "Stalin is a great man—the greatest man indeed—but Roosevelt is really lucky. Europe may still be saved if the Anglo-Americans erect a barrier against the onrushing Russian hordes."

PACIFIC: Counter-Point

Ack-ack flew like hail at attacking Jap planes, and, being struck, they plummeted to earth in smoke and flame.

Aground, U. S. artillery hammered at the enemy's staunch defenses before the capital of Naha, and Yanks stayed close to the earth in pressing their advance against the strongly entrenched foe as bullets flew.

On all of southern Okinawa this was war—hard, relentless, merciless war. But like all war, there was the tempering touch of humanity under the brutal crust. For, under a shinto shrine back of the front, a U. S. Mormon chaplain married a captured Japanese officer and an Okinawan nurse upon their request. Standing by without indulging in any demonstration were 200 American soldiers.

WAR PRODUCTION: V-E Plans

Maintenance of some controls to assure continued critical production for the war against Japan and relaxation of others to permit the limited resumption of civilian output are scheduled for effect after V-E Day to adjust the country to a one-front conflict, government officials disclosed.

To help relieve the shock of such an adjustment, it was revealed, cut-backs already are being made in war production with the tempo expected to be speeded up in the coming months.

Even with Germany's defeat, war production will continue to dominate American industry with military output for the first year after V-E Day estimated at 48 billion dollars, 14 per cent less than the program for a two-front war. As a result, critical materials will have to be controlled to channel them into war production, and manpower regulations will have to be retained to assure an adequate labor supply.

With plants reconverted to civilian production expected to take up most of labor slack after V-E Day, War Manpower commission officials looked to a continued pressing employment situation. In tight labor areas, the WMC plans to continue the referral of workers to critical industry and require certificates of availability for job changes; maintain the 48-hour week with higher pay to attract workers from other sections, and to rate industries according to their importance in establishing priorities for hiring people.

The lumber, textile and rubber industries are among those which will receive a high rating, since supplies of these materials will remain short long after V-E Day and production will be necessary not only for the Pacific war but also for such civilian enterprises as building, crating and packaging.

To help take up the employment slack upon the reduction in war production the so-called "spot" authorization program for civilian output will be restored, with plants showing idle machinery and workers permitted to return to peacetime manufacture. Altogether, 700 million dollars of such work has already been authorized through 1945.

For Farm

The wartime expansion in the farmers' income in 1944 was at a much slower rate than in either of the two preceding years. The increase last year was practically offset by the rise in the prices of goods which the farmers bought. Consequently, the farmers' purchasing power index (1929 equals 100) showed only a negligible increase to 162.9 in 1944 from 162.7 in 1943, after having advanced from the prewar level of 90.5 in 1938.

COAL PRICES: New Hike

Because of OPA approval of soft coal operators' petitions for price increases to help defray some of the cost of the new miners' contract, producers will be allowed to boost prices an average of 16 cents a ton, with consequential small percentage increases in retail ceilings.

By granting an average price increase of 16 cents per ton while having the operators themselves bear an additional 5 cents of cost to cover the added expenses of the new contract, the government followed the policy laid down in 1943 of allowing the companies a profit margin equal to 1942 or 15 cents a ton.

Signed after 42 days of negotiation, the new contract awards the average miner 81 cents a day more in take-home pay by requiring full payment for underground travel time; calls for higher hourly wages for second and third shifts, and also raises vacation pay.

Meanwhile, the government strove for settlement of a new hard coal contract to prevent extended disruption of anthracite output as negotiations between operators and miners broke down and work virtually ceased in the principal producing state of Pennsylvania.

SAN FRANCISCO: Tum Tables

Having dominated the early stages of the San Francisco postwar security parley of the United Nations, Russia's bristly V. M. Molotov was forced to give ground under the combined pressure of the U. S. and Britain and the South American states.

But before Molotov had been scored, the Russian Foreign Commissar had succeeded in dividing up the chairmanship of the conference assembly among the U. S., Britain, Russia and China instead of repeating it in U. S. hands as ordained by diplomatic custom, and had obtained three votes for the Reds at both San Francisco and in the future postwar organization.

Molotov was rebuffed on two counts: Over Russian objections, the conference agreed to the seating of Argentina upon the South American states' contention that the country had renounced its Axis sympathies and joined the inter-American defense system, and then the delegates refused to recognize the Moscow-sponsored Polish provisional government unless broadened by inclusion of other than Communist elements.

EUROPEAN CROPS: Bleak Outlook

With the prolonged German resistance this spring retarding seasonal plantings and adding to smaller acreages seeded last fall because of bad weather and abandonment of land in areas of military operations, 1945 harvests in liberated countries are expected to drop considerably below previous years. As a result, extensive overseas food shipments may be needed to provide relief.

Further aggravating the situation, it is said, is the breakdown of the German system of collecting sur-

Pitching in to help relieve the critical European food situation, the North Dakota Farmers Union turned over 338,000 red ration points to the OPA for purchase of meat and butter for starving civilians.

plus stocks from farmers for distribution to urban centers. With production to cities slow in devising a distributive system, many farmers have hoarded excess supplies or sold them at fancy prices in the black market.

Indicative of the already pressing food situation in many cities of liberated countries, civilians have been restricted to diets with an energy value of 1,500 calories a day compared to an average of 3,000 in America in 1944.

LOCKER RAIDS: Seek Excess Meat

With the meat supply growing tighter, OPA officials in the Chicago, Ill., area moved against hoarded city locker holdings in an effort to get thousands of pounds of beef, etc., circulating in regular distributive channels.

Though the right of its course of action was challenged, OPA endeavored to have locker holders supply information as to how much meat they had and how they secured it, with those with an excess required to give up red points, sell it or turn it over to the agency.

With many locker holders swearing they owned farms, possessed interests in them, or were related to farmers, Attorney Harry Adler declared that under OPA order No. 16 a producer could store any quantity of meat, and up to 450 pounds could be loaned under condition it was repaid in six months and no cash was involved in the transaction.

FRANCE: Political Straw

Polling nearly 25 per cent of an estimated vote of 18,000,000, the Communists displayed unexpected strength in France's recent municipal elections and indicated advances made by the party following its aggressive activity during the liberation period. As a result of the balloting, the Reds will control all important cities, including Paris, Lyon, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulouse and Rennes.

Washington Digest Sincerity Marks Peace Parley at San Francisco

Creation of Flexible Organization Foreseen;
Position of President Truman Bolsters
Hand of U. S. Delegation.

By BAUKHAGE

News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—There is something significant, I believe, in the fact that this world conference which hopes to plot a happier course for the future of the world is being held at the Golden Gate. I can't help contrasting the atmosphere with that which enveloped the gathering on the banks of the Seine 26 years ago, which I also covered.

I think there is much more hope for success for this gathering than there was for the Paris conference two decades ago, although most of us who crowded into its opening session on the Quai d'Orsay in Paris on a sunny January day in 1919, were well supplied with hope, too.

I think the meeting place was well chosen and if the agenda becomes unfinished business, it might well be concluded on the same spot where the clean fog sweeps in from the Pacific whose wide waters unite the east and the west.

There still lingers on California's shores the memory of its multifold historical national contacts. It was here in "Drake's Bay" that the famous English explorer is said to have stopped to repair his ship. I say was Drake's bay for later, Cereno, the Spaniard, on a voyage from Manila in 1595, was shipwrecked in the same body of water and gave it its present name of San Francisco bay. The Franciscan missionaries built missions a mile-day's journey apart from southern to northern California. The sword followed the cross and Portola's Spanish soldiery fought their way up to what is still called the Presidio, the very year the American nation was born.

Less definite are the records of the czar's explorers but the "Russian river" just north of here remains a flowing memento of their early visits.

Less distinguished Chinese and Japanese came and raised their problems; great settlements of Hindus remain in the state and colonies of Swiss and Italians toil among vineyards reproducing the products of their homelands.

Seek to Build On Firm Ground

As I write these lines two things appear as near certainties as certainties exist in this kaleidoscopic world. The United Nations are sincere in the hope of creating some sort of structure which, if it is humanly possible to do so, can provide a place for the shelter, care and feeding of the dove of peace.

A shadowy and almost paradoxical corollary of this statement is the frank acknowledgment that probably one desideratum primum omnium of one of the great powers is the international organization itself. What Russia and Britain want, first of all, is an inner citadel girded by strong mutually protective alliances. The rest of the structure is, for them, largely window dressing. Nevertheless, to obtain cooperation among the strong few, they are willing to include the weaker many.

The second thing which I think even at this juncture can be predicted is that no matter how harmonious the building of this new temple of hope may be, the final edifice will be constructed on such a broad foundation and with such wide portals, that it will not confine its tenants to any very strict restraint of action. There will be plenty of room to turn around in it, in case some of the occupants feel they don't want to go in exactly the same direction as their fellows. This is not a cynical conclusion—it is simply the result of a practical desire not to put anything in the way of getting something started. The American delegation realizes that.

An agreement on major questions which could be decided following the meeting of Stettinius, Molotov and Eden was announced by the delegation before we left Washington, which meant that Senator Vandenberg was satisfied that the wording of the final agreement which the Americans would accept contained enough elasticity to provide an "escape clause." This assures the senate and the American people that

this nation will not be bound, even by implication, to support injustices perpetrated by other nations, past or present.

Truman Understands Congress' Viewpoint

With Harry Truman in the White House the position of the delegation has been strengthened by his announcement that he would not attend the meeting in person, but would back up his delegates from his desk "where he belonged." There are several other things that augur well for harmony. The senate knows that Mr. Truman is not personally committed in any way to Britain or Russia since he did not participate in any of the talks of the Big Three; they noted his remark that Foreign Commissar Molotov when he arrived in this country would pay his respects to the President of the United States "as he should." This time the mountain had come to Mahomet, not the reverse.

Lastly, there is the very potent fact that President Truman was Senator Truman for a long while. He knows the legislative viewpoint and, to know the legislative viewpoint, not academically as an outside observer, but as a long-time possessor of that viewpoint, is of great practical importance. Remember the frequent controversies between the administration and congress in the past few years. Note, likewise, two of the outstanding successes in obtaining cooperation between the executive and the legislative branches: Cordell Hull and James Byrnes, both former members of congress.

So much for the hope for domestic harmony. Now consider the difference between the position of the United States in 1919 and the United States in 1945.

Then, it is true, our entry into the war made victory possible. But now we have taken over the major burden of the fighting and in so doing have become the most powerful country in the world and of all the powerful countries, the one which emerges with its military resources least impaired—by far the most powerful in terms of army, navy and war material and wealth.

On the whole I think it is fair to report a general feeling of optimism on the part of the American delegation and at least a feeling on the part of other delegates I have met, of willingness to try to justify that optimism.

A G.I. President

It is a long time since we have had an ex-soldier in the White House. President Truman is the first veteran of World War I to accept the mansion.

As you know he broadcast to the troops overseas soon after he addressed congress. Naturally the movie-cameras and the sound-track boys were there. So were the army photographers. But the Big Boys get the priorities at such shows. The newsreels, the top-flight magazines and the rest. The boys in uniform were pushed back. They didn't belong.

As a result they got a sad side shot that was strictly ng.

So the officer in charge went up and asked if he could have a retake. "Certainly," (or words to that effect since we don't quote presidents) said President Truman. "Go ahead, we'll do the whole thing over."

Well, army pictorial does things right. It has some of the best Hollywood technical men in uniform. It took a long time to get just the right lighting. So an official came up and said:

"You have just ten minutes more."

Up spoke the captain: "Do you want the President taken right or wrong?"

The President broke in: "Take all night if you want to," (or, as I said, words to that effect). This picture was for the G.I.s.

And so they fiddled and fooled until they had the lights right, until they had everything just right.

And then the President went ahead and did his speech over again.

It is one of the best action shots taken in the White House.

But you won't see it. It was just for the G.I.s.

BARBS . . . by Baukhage

The miners came in '48 to California, the diplomats in '45 are digging in to stay.

Max Schmeling, former heavyweight champion, who was put in a concentration camp and "treated" for defeatism by the Nazis, is now a welterweight, according to the Berlin correspondent of a Swedish paper.

America is bankrupt, says a Jap foreign office spokesman—yenful thinking.

One of the shortages which has not been called to general attention is the lack of garbage cans. The OPA says that only one-fifth of the number demanded is being produced. This will soon be evident to anyone who doesn't hold his nose.



TRUMANS TAKE OVER THE WHITE HOUSE

The President—Well, Bess, how do you like the new shack?
Mrs. Truman—You know me, Harry: I like a house smaller and cozier.

The President—Me, too. Not much like the housekeeping setup back in old Missouri, is it?
Mrs. Truman—I wish White Houses weren't compulsory. Why can't a president live in a little place he likes and just keep a house like this for special events and visitors?

The President—That would suit me, honey. But traditions are traditions, even when they make you pretty miserable. A shebang as big as this takes plenty of getting used to.

Mrs. Truman—I suppose it could be worse.
The President—How's the kitchen?

Mrs. Truman—Back home in Independence or Grandview they'd put a sign "Eureka!" on it and hold roller skating derbies in it. But Mrs. Roosevelt left it lovely. Not a speck anywhere.

The President—She had it all modernized and equipped with up-to-date gadgets.

Mrs. Truman—I'd still settle for an old-fashioned Missouri kitchen with a few essential pots and pans where I could find 'em without calling for help.

The President—Wait'll you have bacon and eggs atmosphere . . . the coffee-and-cakes-for-two mood, eh, Bess?

Mrs. Truman—Oh man! A plain everyday kitchen with a homemade apple pie flavor . . . a smell of cornbread . . . a lingering aroma of fresh ginger cookies . . . a sort of roast pork and potatoes intimacy . . . and air of flapjacks and maple syrup . . .

The President—Stop it, Bess! You're killing me!

The President—What a load of oil paintings they have around here. They stare out at me everywhere. It's creepy.

Mrs. Truman—You and I were raised in the old-fashioned pictures-in-the-back-of-the-red-plush-album-when-you-need-'em mood.

The President—Well, we can make the place cozy by putting in a few things of our own.

Mrs. Truman—Like what?
The President—Well, that old pine table of mine, the walnut desk I got in Kansas City, the bookcase that . . .

Mrs. Truman—Not that old cabinet with all those war souvenirs, guns, fishing reels, stuffed birds and pipes all over it!

The President—Now, look, Bess; don't forget I'm commander-in-chief now.

Mrs. Truman—Harry, be yourself!

TWITCHELL AND THOSE SKEETER LOVE SONGS

Elmer Twitchell is intrigued by the recent announcement that a Cornell medical man has been trapping mosquitoes and making phonographic recordings of their "love songs." The Cornell man, Dr. Morton C. Kahn, says the songs of the female skeeters panic the males.

Mr. Twitchell wanted to know why any doctor wanted to make such researches into the life of a skeeter anyhow. We explained that it was all part of a new campaign in skeeter extermination. "Recordings of the love songs played in scientific swamp-traps will lure millions to specific points, where they can then be gassed or something," we explained.

"I am an old mosquito trapper myself," said Elmer, "but I believe in a code of sportsmanship, no matter whether the quarry is mosquitoes or elephants. There is something low and despicable about the doctor's idea."

Just then a large one lit on Elmer's forearm and gave him the needle. Elmer swatted it with unusual savagery, exterminating it in a very ruthless manner.

"How about it?" we asked.
"That one," he declared, "was a CROONER!"

"But even so, did you have to sock it like that?"
"Yes. Know what it was crooning?"

"What?"
"I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places!" barked Elmer.

Matthew J. Connolly of Clinton, Mass., and Jimmy Reinsch of Atlanta, Ga., are President Truman's official secretaries. The office says the correspondents can now get in with a Jimmy and go to the Matt on all issues if necessary.

Hi—Everytime my wife reads about another resignation in Washington she says, "They can't keep any help very long down there, either."

Walter T. Kohn

DON
SOY

Don't risk
... inoculate
... soybeans
... drought.
... Get
... conserve
... good crop
... ing of legum
... tant, used by
... about 12 cent
... utes to use. P
... tists in a mod
... the yellow can
... FREE—Write to
... and other legum

SOYBEANS
INOCULATED WITH
NITRAGEN

THE NITRAGEN CO.

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev
ness. Third
to reduce a
bleeding. F
PAZO conti
Pipe make
thorough.
you about I
SUPPO
Some pers
prefer to us
The name
PAZO alway
Got PAZO

PAZO
Relieves

PAZO
Millions of
simple file
relief with
why: First,
inflamed ar
thritic Se
helps prev

DON'T SEED SOYBEANS WITHOUT



Don't risk your land, labor and seed... inoculate with NITRAGIN. Give soybeans more vigor to fight weeds and drought. Get bigger, surer crops and conserve soil fertility. NITRAGIN is good crop insurance for every planting of legumes. It's the oldest inoculant, used by farmers for 45 years. Costs about 12 cents an acre, takes a few minutes to use. Produced by trained scientists in a modern laboratory. Get it, in the yellow can, at seed dealers.

FREE—Write today for free soybean, alfalfa, and other legume booklets. Address below.

THE NITRAGIN CO., 3559 N. MOOTH, MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.



PAZO for PILES

Relieves pain and soreness. Pazo in TUBES! Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found prompt relief with Pazo ointment. Here's why: First, Pazo ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, Pazo ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, Pazo ointment tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. Pazo ointment's perforated tube makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about Pazo ointment.

SUPPOSITORIES TOO! Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so Pazo comes in handy suppositories also. The same soothing relief that Pazo always gives.

Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores!



Many Insects on Shrubs, 40 Vegetables and Flowers.

Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve MONTHLY FEMALE PAIN.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous not only to relieve periodic pain but also accompanying nervous, tired, headache, dizziness, when due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—it helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound helps nature follow label directions. Try it!

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Dr. True's Elixir

A family laxative used by young and old as an aid in the relief of constipation. CAUTION: Use only as directed. Agreeable to take.

THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE



Keep the Battle Rolling With War Bonds and Scrap

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action. Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become overtaxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nightly, leg pains, swelling—feet constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS



USELESS COWBOY

By ALAN Le MAY W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Melody Jones and George Fury rode into Payneville, strangers, and mistaken for the wanted outlaw, Monte Jarrad, were rushed out to her ranch by Cherry, Monte's girl. As a posse was after them Melody and Fury were taken to the Rowntree deserted cottage. He changed his saddle for Monte's and started out. Monte found Cherry and was told the latest developments. Melody returned to Payneville, entered the bar and met Ira, who told him that he knew he was not Monte. He kept Melody covered until Lee came in, covered them both while he marched Melody out. Lee intended to shoot her with Melody when they were alone on the trail.

CHAPTER X

"What good's the corpse of any man?" Lee Gledhill asked. "No, I don't want him. Leave him stay where he lays."

"Where you got off the trail, you bull-headed bazoop," Melody said, "is on this here idee I killed him. I never done so. Because he ain't daid. He's a hell of a sight more alive than one of us is going to be, if you keep on like you been. Blame it," he finished, "I'm getting tired of this!"

"Then how come you got his saddle?"

"I got it off'n his girl, damn it," Lee Gledhill said, beginning to glare with that look of outrage which comes to a man who is becoming bewildered, and bitterly resents it.

"I'm supposed to think she was wearin' it?"

"I put it on Harry—on my pony—as a favor. The idee was maybe it would fool some jackass like you, long enough for Monte to get away. But I'm blamed if I'll go through with it no more. If I'd of knowed the botheration this here was going to be, I wouldn't of tetch'd the whole thing with a prod-pole."

Lee was looking at Melody weirdly, now. "How well do you know Monte Jarrad?"

"Don't know him any. I never seen him, yet."

"So you aim to have me think—" Lee Gledhill's voice was strange—"you want me to think—you was damn fool enough to let some girl talk you into a thing like this here?"

You figure I'll believe that such a damn fool could ever have got his full growth?"

Melody thought he had him there. "Here I be," he said, "sore as hell. Lee Gledhill said, looking almost frightened, "I never listened to nothing like this. He turned edgy again. "What's the name of this girl?"

"Monte's girl? Cherry de Longpre."

"That's her name, all right," Gledhill admitted, worse bothered than before. "Monte spoke it frequent."

He stared hard at Melody as if looking at an incredible, perhaps dangerous monstrosity. "I don't believe you, natcherly," he said, "it ain't in human reach to swaller no such a lie as that lie is. But you never killed him. That I know, now."

They did not have to ride far, as it worked out. Cherry de Longpre was already nearing Payneville, powdering the road.

As Melody and his captor topped a long rise, a tower of dust was blowing toward them. Lee Gledhill drew Melody off the road into the brush; but Melody almost immediately recognized the de Longpre buckboard, with Cherry driving, and George Fury beside her on the seat.

Melody was able to apprise Lee Gledhill in time for Lee to flag the buckboard. Cherry had a hard time pulling down the hard-run team, but got them stopped a hundred yards beyond. Her hands kept tensing and slackening the lines, to hold the rebellious horses, and she looked at Melody and Lee with poker-faced questioning as they came up.

"Well?"

Lee Gledhill took a good look at George Fury, then reached over and took Melody's gun out of his chaps pocket. He stuck it into the loose top of his own boot. George stayed quiet, but his eyes were bright and awake, like a watching owl.

"You again, huh?" Melody said to George.

George looked sheepish. "I come back," he grunted.

Lee Gledhill went to the buckboard wheel, backing his horse around in such a way that he could watch both Melody Jones and George Fury at the same time. "Your name Cherry de Longpre?"

"Might be," Cherry said sharply, like the snap of fingers. "Take off your hat, if you want to talk to me!"

"All right," Lee said again. "Never mind who I be. It don't change what I'm here for, any. I want to ask you one thing. What became of Monte Jarrad?"

Her hands were motionless now, and the whole girl was motionless; she watched the riders sidelong, and for moments did not seem to breathe. "I suppose I must have seen him about twice in three years," she said at last. She looked at Melody with a hard, blank stare.

"Who's that you've got there?"

"Who's that you've got there?" Lee Gledhill studied her steadily for a long space. He was looking at her squarely now, holding George Fury in discount. "You mean to tell me," he said slowly, queerly, "you set there and tell me—you don't know—you don't know who this man is?"

Cherry de Longpre looked Melody Jones straight in the eyes, but her own eyes were blank. There was no message in them, either any more than he could have found in a couple of puddles of gray rain.

"I never saw him before in all my life."

Melody Jones stared at Cherry de Longpre unbelievably. Cherry looked sad and dreamy, showing no sign of tension.

"Yew bewezed numpus!" George Fury shouted at Gledhill. "Has everybody gone crazy here but me?"

"Who the hell is this?" Gledhill demanded of Cherry. He kept his gun on George Fury, and the corner of his eye upon Melody.

Cherry looked at Gledhill with ostentatious significance, and tapped her forehead. "Different," she told him. "Confused like, but helpless."

"Never you mind her," George shouted at Gledhill. "She's in it with us."

Cherry stole a quick glance at him; but there was no more bitterness in his face than there had been in his tone. She spoke in a monotone, not looking at him.

"There's one other thing I want you to do. Not now—sometime, after all this has blown over. I want you to come back here then, and turn up the express company's strongbox. I want you to give it back to the people it belongs to."

"Cain't."

"I can't make you do it, if you won't."

"Tain't that. I jest don't know where it's at."

"I'm going to show you."

He turned and looked at her, but she did not meet his eyes. "Monte told me where it is," she said, "He told me when he thought he was going to die. There's an old, old cabin that near everybody has forgot. Monte's used it before; but he'll never use it again. It has door walls, four feet through. There's a slab sill to the only window. Once when Monte was hiding out, he dug a cache in the wall, under that slab. It's near big enough to hide a man, if a man could breathe in there. And that's where the strongbox is, with more money in it than you ever saw in your life. So I guess you know I trust you, now."

"Where did you say this cabin—"

"I'm taking you there."

They rode a mile in silence. The slow dusk of the mountain country was closing in. "If suppose," Melody said at last, "you'll be going back to the Busted Nose, then, after you show me where it's at."

"I don't know. And I don't care much. I'm sick of the whole forsaken thing. But I'm going to see you fetched out of this, before I do anything else."

"What? Why?"

"Because you don't know how to take care of yourself, or what's good for you—that's why!"

"I don't know why," Melody said, "you set yourself to all this trouble, now."

There was bitterness in Cherry's voice, not his.

"I don't blame you for saying that," Cherry said. "If ever a man had a right to get sarcastic, you're it."

"I didn't mean it that way," Cherry answered unaccountably. "You never mean anything," she lashed at him. "You never complain about anything, or demand anything, or let out a holler—butter wouldn't melt in your teeth! But I know what you're thinking, just the same!"

carbine stood. The carbine whipped up, not smoothly, as a rifleman might have taken it, but with a direct, purposeful practicality, as she might have caught up a broom. She planted the muzzle hard in the middle of Lee Gledhill's back.

"Get your hands up!" she blazed at him. "Melody, take his gun!"

Lee Gledhill's whole body went rigid with a jerk, as if he had been struck by lightning. Then very slowly his hands came up. Melody took Lee's gun, and recovered his own.

She snapped orders at Melody and George, and her cool, indifferent weariness was gone. "Saddle my pony," she flung at them. "I ride that old punkin-seed mare. Then throw down the corral bars, and turn everything out. Put those broom-tails into a stampede that will carry them halfway to Texas!"

"What about this feller's horse?"

"We'll lead him with us."

"Horse thieves, hang," Lee Gledhill said, "where I come from!"

"You'll find him tied about five miles down the trail."

George Fury kept Lee Gledhill's hands up while Cherry changed into riding clothes. By that time Melody had saddled her round-bellied old roan, and he held it for her to mount. Cherry came close to the animal, then stood hesitating.

"What you aim to do?"

"This time I know you're leaving the country! I know because I'm going with you and see that you do."

"You think a heap of that Monte jigger, don't you?"

She didn't answer him.

Melody looked depressed. "Okay," he decided. "You love him, then."

"I always thought I did. Since I was fourteen years old."

"And nothing he done ever changed it," Melody kept on.

"I don't change easy," Cherry said. "Who ever loved a man for what he did, anyway? That's got nothing to do with it. If it did, the population of this country would die out quick!"

Cherry stole a quick glance at him; but there was no more bitterness in his face than there had been in his tone. She spoke in a monotone, not looking at him.

"There's one other thing I want you to do. Not now—sometime, after all this has blown over. I want you to come back here then, and turn up the express company's strongbox. I want you to give it back to the people it belongs to."

"Cain't."

"I can't make you do it, if you won't."

"Tain't that. I jest don't know where it's at."

"I'm going to show you."

He turned and looked at her, but she did not meet his eyes. "Monte told me where it is," she said, "He told me when he thought he was going to die. There's an old, old cabin that near everybody has forgot. Monte's used it before; but he'll never use it again. It has door walls, four feet through. There's a slab sill to the only window. Once when Monte was hiding out, he dug a cache in the wall, under that slab. It's near big enough to hide a man, if a man could breathe in there. And that's where the strongbox is, with more money in it than you ever saw in your life. So I guess you know I trust you, now."

"Where did you say this cabin—"

"I'm taking you there."

They rode a mile in silence. The slow dusk of the mountain country was closing in. "If suppose," Melody said at last, "you'll be going back to the Busted Nose, then, after you show me where it's at."

"I don't know. And I don't care much. I'm sick of the whole forsaken thing. But I'm going to see you fetched out of this, before I do anything else."

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

THE DANCE is not only one of the seven lively arts; it's threatening to become the liveliest. In the movies it's always an up-and-down career, if not actually tough going. Our producers have doled it out in fits and starts—a number here, a finale there—as if they were afraid we could not take it in more than five-minute doses. And except for the Astaire-Rogers musicals and an occasional "Cover Girl" we've had mighty few that can really be described as dancing films.

In this connection, the late Mark Sandrich was one of those rare producers—directors who had enough foresight to cry, "On with the dance!" He did the best of those delightful ballroom romances with Ginger and Fred, and just before he died he was preparing "Blue Skies," a cavalcade of hits by my old (but only in years of friendship) pal, Irving Berlin.

Only Local Oversight. But if Hollywood—and exceptions like Mark Sandrich only prove the rule—has failed to grasp the terrific possibilities of the dance, the rest of the country certainly hasn't. On Broadway and in the once so-called hinterlands something has been happening—something to which Hollywood cannot close its eyes much longer.

What has happened, my dears, is that the dance has come into its own. And by dance I don't mean jive, although that, my spies report, is doing all right, too. I mean—and it's perfectly safe to come right out and say it—ballet. Only its ballet with the curse off—pantomime and jazz and the classics and the joy of living, all rolled into one!

Today the big names are those like Agnes De Mille, Jerome Robbins, and Leonard Bernstein, brilliant young composer of "Fancy Free" and "On the Town." There are ballets in "Oklahoma," "Bloomer Girl," "One Touch of Venus," "Song of Norway," "Up in Central Park," "La Vie Parisienne," and "Carmen Jones." Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova are demonstrating terpsichore in Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts."

Vera Zorina, that gorgeous, elflike creature, is posing in Shakespeare's "The Tempest." And Ruth Page and Sgt. Bentley Stone have set New York town—and Commissioner Moss—on their respective cars with a sensational interpretation of "Frankie and Johnny."

Common Denominator. Sooner or later motion pictures and the dance are bound to get together. The very soul of both is rhythm. In one sense they already have. Isn't Walt Disney the greatest creator of rhythm of them all? And we've had our "numbers" and our "specialties" by Veloz and Yolanda, the De Marcos, Katharine Amaya, the Hartmanns, Katharine Dunham, and countless others. We've even had a short or two with the Ballet Russe. And we've had Astaire, Gene Kelly, Jimmy Cagney, George Murphy, and that spectacular leaper Marc Platt of "Tonight and Every Night."

Our dancing daughters have been few but precious—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Ann Miller, Ruby Keeler, Eleanor Powell, Ginger (of course), and little Joan McCracken, who highlighted "Hollywood Canteen" with her "Ballet in Jive."

The other day I had the pleasure of watching a sequence from "Wonder Man," Danny Kaye's new one for Sam Goldwyn. Danny wasn't in it, but Vera-Ellen was. She sang and danced a number called "I'm So in Love." Sam hired her without even making a screen test after he'd caught her in "A Connecticut Yankee," and this time I'm betting on his judgment. Vera-Ellen (the last name is Rohé) is not only petite and blonde as Marilyn was; she can put over a song with refreshing charm and she's a dancin' fool.

If Warners ever get around to making that Marilyn film they'll be wise to have a look at Vera-Ellen. If it's O.K. with Sam Goldwyn of course.

Incidentally, Goldwyn, who is something of a wonder himself, has already snapped up Jerome Robbins, who staged the dances for "On the Town," to design numbers for Danny Kaye's next. Which brings ballet that much nearer to the screen.

Over-Age at 15 Months. Gene Tierney thought for one exciting moment she'd get her daughter in for a christening scene in "Dragonwyck." In fact, Joe Mankiewicz led her to believe it, then asked how old the baby was. She said, "15 months." "Sorry!" said Joe. "She's 14 months too old."

Since so much fuss, feathers, and furbelows have been put on her in "The Dolly Sisters," Betty Grable thinks our costume designers should get an award next year. Why not? Set designers do.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Persons now engaged in essential industry will not apply without statement of availability from their local United States Employment Service.

HELP WANTED—MEN

WANTED—Married or single men for barn work; also milkers experienced with De Laval milking machines. Excellent pay and working conditions. Mr. C. Le Roy Ambrey, Walker Gordon Laboratories of N. E., Inc., Charles River (Needham), Mass.

FARMS AND RANCHES

FARMS, TOURISTS, COUNTRY HOMES. Farm 280 acres, 60 cows, equipped, large income. Write MR. DOUGLAS, Fort Plain, N. Y. Art.

170 ACRE DAIRY FARM. 4 miles from city market, 50 acres meadow, 90 acres pasture, cuts 120 tons hay. Mow holds 250 tons. 61 Shagbuns. Poultry house. Fully equipped Slaughter House. Fine new dwelling, modern kitchen, bath and shower. \$34,800. mortgage. Terms arranged. H. E. CHAFF, 1837 Main Street, Springfield 3, Mass. Phone 2-4757.

335 Acre Farm, 50 tillable, 11 room house, fine place, artesian well, large barn, hen-house, mail, school bus, tools, some furniture. Extra good set of buildings. Price \$12,000. FITZGERALD AGENCY, 14 Walpole Ave., Lacaille, N. H.

THE EVANS FARM SOUTHAMPTON, N. H.

Will be sold to settle the estate, located near Amesbury and Exeter, on the hard road, 4 miles from Boston. 14-room modern house, modern dairy barn for 40 cows, large hay barns, 14-room other buildings; insured for \$21,000. 150 acres of 80 fields, pastures, and orchards, 25 acres of pine, 10 acres of hardwood, one of the best farms in southern New Hampshire. Will be sold for \$20,000. Apply WILLIS J. EVANS, South Hampton, N. H. Telephone 1125. Ring 3, or RALPH F. EVANS, 1191 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 5500.

HEART BAY L. RANCH, with 2 modern homes, 225 Herefords. Your own stock, plenty game, lots of game and trout. All \$10,000. Terms. KRAZ, Abbeville, Mont.

LIVESTOCK

REGISTERED SHROPSHIRE RAMS of the finest type, the best breeding background obtainable. Improve your flock. Write Marwood Davidson, Wilton, N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS

Quilt Pieces: 500 fast color pieces, \$1 post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Pattern book given. Samples 10c. Arthur W. Baldwin, Ivoryton, Conn.

C. O. D. PARCEL POST. Guaranteed repairs for stoves, furnaces, etc. Give name, number, mfg., wood, coal, water, gas, etc. Don't wait until needed—order now. New and used canvas. Buy and sell dogs and puppies. Write what you have or want. Mention paper. LOUIS INGRAHAM, Brookline, N. H.

PERSONAL

Family Tree Chart, 7 generations; space for pictures, historical data, Col. family history. Chart makes a beautiful record. St. Payne, Box 176, Wilbraham, Mass.

POULTRY, CHICKS & EGGS

BABY CHICKS. MANFIELD CHICK HATCHERY. 211 School St., Mansfield, Mass. Ph. 132.

BANTAMS—D. Cornish, O. E. B. B. games, Leghorns, 55 each. Game Hybrids \$5 each. Eggs—Show matings 50c each.

SEEDS, PLANTS, ETC.

Vegetable plants, cabbage, tomato, onion, etc. Write for price list. "Our business is plants." Carolina Plant Farm, Bethel, N. C.

Buy War Bonds

SADDLERS AND PONIES. Easy riding, good manners. Andie Boyce, all-purpose. Intrepid, large and small. Shetland ponies, set black snow white, sorrel, chestnut and fancy spotted. Shipped simply in crates by express. Low old and children just want pony for! Satisfaction guaranteed on thirty day trial or your money back. HOWARD CHANDLER, Charleston, Iowa.

DR. PORTER'S ANIMAL ANTISEPTIC OIL

For Constipation & Sour Stomach. Dyspepsia & Headache & Heartburn & Bilelessness & Distressing Gas, up time-tested R.P.A.N. Tablets. Contains 6 doctor-prescribed medicines. Soothing. Does not grip. Quickly relieves and aids elimination. At your druggist 10c, 35c and 75c.

DR. PORTER'S ANIMAL ANTISEPTIC OIL. With Cuts, Burns, Saddle Sores!

Infections work fast... on livestock as well as human beings. Keep your eye peeled for minor cuts, burns, saddle or collar galls, bruises and flesh wounds. Smart stockmen have relied for years on soothing time-tested Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Oil. Keep it on hand for emergencies and use only as directed... don't give infection a chance! At your druggist's.

The GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.

111 LINDSEY, MAINE

Makers of GROVE'S COLD TABLETS

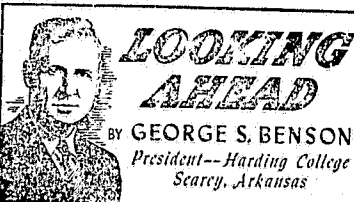
The Oxford County Citizen

The Bethel News 1895
The Rumford Citizen, 1906

Published every Thursday in the interests of the inhabitants of Bethel and the other towns of northwestern Oxford County. Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1903, at the post office at Bethel, Maine. Subscription rates, paid in advance: three years, \$5.00; one year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.10; three months, 60c. Phone 100

Carl L. Brown, Publisher

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1945



Booby Trap

In public speeches, in published articles and in this column since early January, 1944, I have been calling attention to the "booby trap" in America's wartime tax laws. Now, as our fighting men press harder upon Berlin, the industries that support them are drawn closer to the trap. Most war contracts will be voided on V-Day but taxes and payrolls must still be met.

Corporations pay income tax each year on the previous year's earnings, just as personal income taxes were paid prior to 1944. In 1946, firms will be taxed on 1945's earnings. But if war ends (terminating war contracts) this year, 1946 will be the year of change-back, of costly sales and few. Problem: How to hire more men and pay 1945's taxes with small earnings or none?

Apple-Polishing? Any time a voice is raised in the interest of American business, any time a writer suggests that corporation tax laws need revision, somebody accuses him of apple-polishing or grinding the axe of big business. But right is still right. Prosperity in America depends on full employment; full employment depends on business expansion, and business expansion depends on wise tax provisions.

Firms that have used their war-year profits expanding production for victory are not to be blamed. They are solvent. They will have adequate working capital due them under the present law after their Refund Bonds are cashable and after their Carry-back credits on excess profits taxes are allowed. But when will this be? As the law is written now, firms will pass before the money comes.

Keep Jobs Alive After a man has starved to death, food does him no good. Neither will money due a firm help its employees after bankruptcy. What war-production firms need is money when they need it; to hire men, to buy machinery for peacetime work, to save useful enterprises and avoid wholesale unemployment in their communities. Laborers and farmers and small-town merchants have the most at stake.

William L. Hutchison, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners, surely was looking through the lenses of Labor when he wrote Robert L. Doughton, chairman of the Ways & Means Committee of the House of Representatives, urging the passage of amendments to make Refund Bonds and Carry-back funds promptly available to industry at plant conversion time.

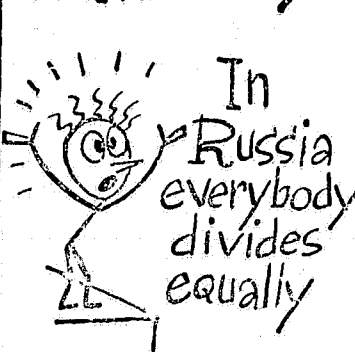
Labor Leader Says "Analysis of a large number of companies shows that . . . they have had to use their tax reserves for current operations, so that when war ends they . . . can not reconvert to peacetime operations and employment of men. . . . We strongly urge that these provisions be amended in a manner which your Committee believes will make refunds available immediately at the time war production of these companies has stopped."

Mr. Hutchison's letter reached Mr. Doughton's desk only shortly ahead of one like it from William Green, president of A. F. of L. Are these labor leaders apple-polishers? No! They are far-sighted thinkers serving the interests of working men, and they know how. They are not recommending hoolie for business men. They are intelligently promoting postwar jobs and prosperity for the United States.

GET IN THE SWING
Cut and Haul Pulpwood
Spruce, Fir and Hemlock
Needed for War
This is Peeling Time

TO CONQUER CANCER

Don Herold says:



BUT IT AIN'T SO

If by communism we mean an equal divvy for everybody, communism has not worked even in Russia.

In fact, the divvy seems to be more lopsided in Russia than it is in the United States. Max Eastman, formerly a Russian fan, quotes, in one of his books, some dope from official Russian sources, which indicates that as late as 1939 the upper 11 or 12 per cent of the Russian population received about 50 per cent of the national income.

Our cue is to improve our own way, not throw it away to copy Russia's way or anybody else's way.

UPTON

Mrs. C. A. Judkins, Correspondent After the regular PTA meeting held at the schoolhouse on Tuesday evening this week, a Thanksgiving Prayer meeting was held in observance of V-E Day.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Lee Abbot of Bangor were in town a few days last week. They spent two days at K. A. Hinkley's and the remaining time at their own home, planting garden, cleaning and getting ready for the summer.

Mrs. Fred S. Judkins and young son have returned to Bryant Pond. Mrs. Albert E. Judkins and young son of Camden, Maine, who spent the winter in Texas with Albert, have arrived in town to spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Judkins.

Mrs. Bertha L. Judkins is visiting relatives in Norway and vicinity. Mrs. Lavonne Whitney, who spent the winter in Bath, has returned to her home for a while, to clean the house.

T. E. Dorman of Canaan, Vt., who has been in Portland for the last three years has gone to Mt. Spec as watchman for the summer.

There was a meeting of the Hillside 4-H Club at the home of David Hinkley on Saturday, May 5 with a fine membership.

Lewis Barnett of Rumford who is just out of the Rumford Hospital, was in town a few days last week. His sister, Mrs. Viola Gibbs, was also in the hospital for appendectomy operation at the same time. She is now home and making good recovery.

Kendrick Judkins has returned home after a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in North Anson, Orono and Rumford.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK
"It's no bluer than the Hudson."—Disappointed lawyer in captured banks of "the Blue Danube."
"It's the luckiest boy in the world."—Henry H. Hays, 33, marrying Aimee Hays, 33, in Glendale, Cal., after 12-year courtship.
"We want a government by law, not a government of men."—Rep. Kean, New Jersey, in Congress.
"Wish we had a midnight curfew over here!"—Three GIs facing the Japs.
"We cannot have a society in which some work for wages and get them, while others do not work and still get them."—Mrs. B. F. Fairless, U. S. Steel, on guaranteed annual wage question.
"What ever became of the butcher's fat cat?"—Senator Soaper.
"Let him live with my in-laws for a month!"—London citizen on how to punish Hitler.
"I won't let myself spend more than \$100 on a dress."—Mrs. Frank Sinatra.
"There is a bottom to every barrel, even America's."—Sen. Vandenberg, Mich., on world Lend-Lease in postwar.
"Our objective should be to create an economic framework within which a minimum of government intervention would occur."—Dr. A. F. Hinrichs, U. S. Dept. of Labor.
"Government guarantee of jobs would mean both the death of liberty and eventual impoverishment."—Henry Hazlitt, New York editor.
"I have yet to meet one GI who believes in strikes."—Pvt. Robert Stone, former int'l rep., United Auto Workers, CIO, now fighting in Europe.

OURS TO CHOOSE

By George Peck There really are only two systems of government: (1) The Government-Owns-You-System, and (2) The You-Own-The-Government System.

The first of these systems has a great many different names. A few of these are Nazism, Fascism, totalitarianism, Collectivism, Marxism, Communism, Socialism, and Planned Economy. It was Shakespeare who said: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Under the skin of all of these isms are the same in that they inevitably lead to the same end—demanding full cooperation of the individual and handing out punishment if it is not given. Under all of them, the individual's liberty eventually is completely confiscated; he tills the soil or works in the factory according to the rules laid down by the government that OWNS him; even his domestic life, his amusements, his education and cultural pursuits are decreed and supervised by government.

The second of these systems, the You-Own-The-Government System, which we know as the American Way and under which this country prospered for more than a century and a half, reduces government action and domination to an almost irreducible minimum. It leaves individuals and businesses to their own devices, to sink or swim the government simply acting as umpire to see to it that all participants play the games fairly. This system recognizes that some individuals and businesses have gotten themselves into bad predicaments through ignorance, incompetence and mismanagement; that there always will be some such, but that for the good of the individual and business, it is better for nature, not government, to punish rather than to call for action by government.

We have in this country a number of people who, either through ignorance or in an effort to reason in favor of and are advocating, want we change from our present system to one of the Government-Owns-You-Systems. These people are for more and more government controls of individuals and businesses and are against Free, Competitive Enterprise and individual freedom.

There is no lasting middle ground between these two systems. The immortal Abraham Lincoln said: "I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. One must be either for the system or the other. One either wishes to be a free individual, controlling his government, deciding for himself how he shall clothe himself, how he shall amuse himself and what he shall eat; or one believes that he and his fellow citizens are not capable of government must step in to take them over, body and soul, to dictate their every move."

All too many of the American people temporarily have been dazzled by the spell-binding proponents of the Government-Owns-You-System. It is high time for these people to sit down and reason with themselves, to ask themselves if they really wish to give up the liberties and rights which they now enjoy under the American Way of Life, and subject themselves to the tyranny of a bureaucratic system that will deny them those rights and liberties. Today is still OURS TO CHOOSE—Tomorrow it may be too late.

GREENWOOD CITY

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cyr and family have moved to West Paris. Mrs. Helvi Boynton of Portsmouth, N. H. spent last week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Yates were Sunday callers on friends at Locke Mills. Helen Tammler of Norway was at her home here for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Emmons of Freeport were callers in town over the week end.

Pupils having one hundred in spelling for the week ending May 4th, were Mary Tamminen and Keijo Saarinen of grade five, Patricia Tamminen and Harold Waisanen of grade four, Alpo Saarinen and Alfred Hakala of grade three.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Lester Cole has had Will Seames of Howe Hill and D. R. Cole doing some trucking for him recently. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Parker of South Bethel and Luey and Nancy Curtis of West Paris were recent callers at Beryl Martin's.

Miss Charlotte Cole was ill a few days last week and unable to attend work. Louis Martin caught two brown trout from Twitchell Lake the past week. Each weighed around two pounds.

Ethel Martin was at the Greenwood Mountain Sanatorium one day recently to see her brother, who is a patient there. Mrs. Ray Hanson visited Mrs. Beryl Martin recently.

DO YOUR Mother's Day Shopping AT BROWN'S VARIETY STORE
Lots of Gifts To Choose From
We Have What She'll Love

NORSE SHIP DOWNS JAP ZEROS



Norway's merchant marine not only brings needed material to Allied forces throughout the world but takes an active hand in the fighting as well, if the record of the Norwegian motorship, "General Fleischer," is any criterion. This vessel took part in the Leyte invasion and now, for the first time, its heroic role in the Philippines battle may be told. While unloading supplies off the Leyte beachhead, its crew helped fight off attacking Japanese planes. As may be seen in the above picture showing a Norwegian sailor painting his ship's hits on the bridge, the gun crew accounted for three Zeros, two "probables" and scored hits on numerous others. And the fighting was going on, others in the crew calmly kept on unloading vital supplies that helped turn the tide of Leyte's battle to success for the American forces.

SONGO POND

Mrs. Jennie Brown and two daughters of Norway have moved into A. B. Kimball's cottage, Fair Haven, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. B. Kimball attended Grange meeting at Hunt's Corner Monday evening. It was the first meeting of the season. A. B. Kimball has two woodsmen working for him, cutting pine. They are living in the Good place. Leon Millet plowed for A. B. Kimball Tuesday with his tractor. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stone and children of South Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Graves and Mrs. Barker and three sons of Norway were guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Kimball Sunday.

Leslie Kimball and son, Laurence were in West Bethel Tuesday on business. Flossie Osgood spent the week end with her father, Frank Osgood at Bethel. Mrs. Edward P. Fuller was in Bethel Monday on business. Miss Eleanor Kimball was ill Tuesday of this week.



Infants' Dresses

Knitted Jackets, Booties, 3-Piece Knitted Sets, Blankets, Pillows, Crib Spreads

THE SPECIALTY SHOP
BETHEL, MAINE
Telephone 57-2



IN VICTORY

We stand together, a victorious nation . . . All for one and one for all.

UNITED WE STAND

By united effort the people of the United States have achieved a glorious victory . . . We, of this Community, give thanks for the part we have had in this Victory . . .

Forward then to total Victory and an everlasting peace.

FARWELL & WIGHT

IF YOU HAVE AN INCOME

you have a quota in the Mighty 7th War Loan

Find your quota and make it! We've got to make the 7th the biggest yet!		
IF YOUR AVERAGE INCOME PER MONTH IS:	YOUR PERSONAL WAR BOND QUOTA IS: (CASH VALUE)	MATURITY VALUE OF 7th WAR LOAN BONDS BOUGHT
\$250	\$187.50	\$250
225-250	150.00	200
210-225	131.25	175
200-210	112.50	150
180-200	93.75	125
140-180	75.00	100
100-140	37.50	50
Under \$100	18.75	25

ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

This advertisement is sponsored by the following:

RUTH CARVER AMES	GERRY BROOKS	HANOVER DOWEL CO.
WALTER E. BARTLETT	DR. E. L. BROWN	HARRY N. HEAD
ELMER E. BENNETT	BROWN'S GARAGE	DR. G. L. KNEELAND
BETHEL FEED & GRAIN CO.	BROWN'S VARIETY STORE	LORD'S GARAGE
BETHEL NATIONAL BANK	BRYANT'S MARKET	EDWARD P. LYON
BETHEL RESTAURANT	BURNS' RED & WHITE STORE	CHARLES E. MERRILL
BETHEL SAVINGS BANK	P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.	NEWTON & TEBBETS, Inc.
BETHEL THEATRE	J. B. CHAPMAN	OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
ERNEST F. BISBEE	CROCKETT'S GARAGE	ELLERY C. PARK
ROY C. BLAKE	ISAAC W. DYER, 2nd	H. F. THURSTON & SON
W. E. BOSSERMAN	FRED L. EDWARDS	VAN TEL. & TEL. CO.
DR. W. H. BOYNTON	FARWELL & WIGHT	DICK YOUNG'S SERVICE STATIONS
D. GROVER BROOKS		

EAST BETHEL

Mrs. C. Mellen Kimball, Phyllis of West Paris and Mrs. Kimball of Lewis cent guests of Mrs. R. C. Hastings were week end guests in Bowdoinham.

The Service Flag was raised on May 30th at the case of rain the exercise held in the Grange Hall Monday O. B. Farwell by Parker Russell took the Bowdoinham and by fertilizer, Rodney How to Portland and brought tillizer for Robert H. mer Trusler took a load to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. James family were Sunday guests of Mrs. Edward Hinkley. Mrs. Ida Blake returned Sunday from Dixfield. D. D. Holman and Terry were in town Sunday Blake.

Master Clayton Swa to Bryant Pond to stay mother, Mrs. W. H. Swan, been with his aunt, Mr. ings, for some time and school here.

HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. Ormy I Messy Kienstead of E were callers at B. J. R. cently.

Two boys from Rumford broke into the Balsam of the Rumford Grange, ed by Charles Bartlett a gins Camp at Howards some damage by scatt around, breaking lamps and pillows. They wended, made to pay put on probation for a Mrs. Ella Russell is l May.

The Men's Club held and evenings entertain hall Tuesday evening. The Past Chancellors of the last week wended. Rev. William Pe the was the guest speaker. Miss Helen Scott was Willis Penney's Wednesday. Frank Morris was a name of his camps to Lodge and Cabins.

ALDER RIVER GRANGE

Alder River Grange ular meeting Friday evening a small attendance at session. An invitation w from Rumford Grange officers night, June 2, it to table the letter until ing.

The Lucky Clover 4-H club part of the program two demonstrations gave "Use of the U. S. F. taking part were Lewis Clark Bartlett, Harley 1, roy, Merrill, and Mel "America" was singing of the demonstration Star Spangled Banner close.

Sunny Bartlett and Cey then demonstrated Dinking Powder Biscuit. Reclamation by Clara Mrs. Noyes, the Wort er had contests and children. Twenty- and visitors were present Saturday evening two of Grange members a Bryant Pond in attend ing. An interesting f enjoyed and a worth while given by Bro. Libby of 12 est Service. Those attend here were Mr. and A. Noyes, Marilyn and Car Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss bott, Stephen Abbott, Haines, Lewis Curtis Edith Howe.

SOUTH BETHEL

Dr. Anson Kendall of frey, N. H., and friend, one of Wales, N. H. Wednesday and Thursday at the home of James Mrs. Spinney and came were in Boston, Saturday Spinney's mother, who the hospital.

Frank Brooks helped ney put up a new fence. Frank Brooks' sister of Portland spent Sunday Mrs. Norman Wether son spent two days la the home of Mr. and Gordon.

Charles E. M. BETHEL LUMBER

This year will mark the beginning of a new world progress . . . For the crusading tries banded together common cause have ed the unveiling of and better future f mankind.

America and A cans have played a ous part in this first toward world freed We should be proud of our Am heritage.

Charles E. M. BETHEL LUMBER

EAST BETHEL

Mrs. C. Mellen Kimball, daughter of Phyllis of West Paris and Miss Isabel Kimball of Lewiston were recent guests of Mrs. Richard Houle.

Mrs. Robert Hastings and children were week end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blockford in Bowdoinham.

The Service Flag will be dedicated on the lot opposite Newton's Store on May 30th at 9:30 A. M. in case of rain the exercises will be held in the Grange Hall.

Monday O. B. Farwell and Wilfred Farwell took potatoes to Bowdoinham and brought back fertilizer. Rodney Howe took some to Portland and brought back fertilizer for Robert Hastings. Elmer Thack took a load of potatoes to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. James Haines and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haines.

Week end guests of Mrs. S. D. Harrington were Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Edmunds and daughter, Sandra of Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Moore and daughter, June, were week end guests of Mrs. Charlie Smith.

Mrs. Ida Blake returned home Sunday from Dixfield. Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Holman and Terry of Dixfield were in town Sunday with Mrs. Blake.

Master Clayton Swan has gone to Bryant Pond to stay with his mother, Mrs. C. H. Swan Jr. He has been with his aunt, Mrs. E. A. Billings, for some time and attending school here.

Mrs. Frank Ring was at Norway one day last week on business.

Mrs. Ida Rowe spent part of the week with friends at Rumford.

Master Raymond Holman returned from Rumford with Mrs. Rowe and was her guest for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Twitchell have returned from their honeymoon and are established in their new home at Bryant Pond.

Miss Jean Tivell who spent the week at her home here, following the wedding of her sister, Louise, and Roger Twitchell, returned to her home Monday.

Mrs. Lewis A. Threll and daughter Fern, went to Gorham, N. H. Friday to spend a few days with Mrs. Threll's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dana Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stevens of Lewiston were callers at the Lister home Friday.

The condition of George Lister remains unchanged.

Sgt. Jeanne Ponkvar of Hibbing, Minnesota, who for a year and a half has been stationed at Portland, was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Tabbets. Sgt. Ponkvar expects to be re-assigned soon, and she hopes it will be in the N. E. area.

Defense stamps purchased at the Village school last week as follows: Primary \$2.05; Intermediate, \$5.35; Grammar \$4.30.

Young Charles Mason is able to get about now, although still lame.

We have just listened to the President of the United States deliver his proclamation of Germany's unconditional surrender. We were very much impressed with the quiet, firm manner in which it was given. No matter of what political faith we may be, we must all agree I am sure that our Government is in the hands of a simple, God-fearing Christian gentleman, and on the day which he has appointed to give thanks, that of Mothers Day, Sunday, May 13th, let us also not forget to thank God who has made our Allied Victory possible, that

in our President, we have just the right kind of a man who has already proven himself humble, yet firm and capable of the great burden that was so suddenly thrust upon him.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

GILEAD

John Deoster and family of Portland have moved into the Moore rent.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacKenzie and daughter of Norway spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Louise Tibbets, at Rumford Friday.

Harry Taylor and family have moved to their farm for the summer.

Mrs. Marie Witter returned home from Gorham, N. H., Tuesday, where she was guest of relatives.

A. H. Saunders of Portland was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Louise Tibbets and sons, Zane and Pfc. Fred Homer Tibbets, were guests of their aunt, Mrs. John Barker, at Rumford Friday.

Mrs. Avis Dooen of the Columbia Hotel, Portland, is a guest of her mother, Mrs. Harriette Witter.

Mrs. Frank Ring was at Norway one day last week on business.

Mrs. Ida Rowe spent part of the week with friends at Rumford.

Master Raymond Holman returned from Rumford with Mrs. Rowe and was her guest for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Twitchell have returned from their honeymoon and are established in their new home at Bryant Pond.

Miss Jean Tivell who spent the week at her home here, following the wedding of her sister, Louise, and Roger Twitchell, returned to her home Monday.

Mrs. Lewis A. Threll and daughter Fern, went to Gorham, N. H. Friday to spend a few days with Mrs. Threll's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dana Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stevens of Lewiston were callers at the Lister home Friday.

The condition of George Lister remains unchanged.

Sgt. Jeanne Ponkvar of Hibbing, Minnesota, who for a year and a half has been stationed at Portland, was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Tabbets. Sgt. Ponkvar expects to be re-assigned soon, and she hopes it will be in the N. E. area.

Defense stamps purchased at the Village school last week as follows: Primary \$2.05; Intermediate, \$5.35; Grammar \$4.30.

Young Charles Mason is able to get about now, although still lame.

We have just listened to the President of the United States deliver his proclamation of Germany's unconditional surrender. We were very much impressed with the quiet, firm manner in which it was given. No matter of what political faith we may be, we must all agree I am sure that our Government is in the hands of a simple, God-fearing Christian gentleman, and on the day which he has appointed to give thanks, that of Mothers Day, Sunday, May 13th, let us also not forget to thank God who has made our Allied Victory possible, that

in our President, we have just the right kind of a man who has already proven himself humble, yet firm and capable of the great burden that was so suddenly thrust upon him.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Food For War



Increased military needs for processed vegetables have pushed the national goal to 2,155,000 harvested acres in 1945, according to the War Food Administration. Processing at maximum capacity of all plants will be necessary to answer requirements, and farmers have the job of keeping canners supplied with enough raw products.

The set aside for war use of the principal vegetables processed will be 48 percent of the pack in 1945-46, compared with 41 percent in 1944-45 and 25 percent in 1943-44.

Four major crops—tomatoes, sweet corn, green peas and snap beans—make up 85 percent of the normal vegetable pack, although 11 crops are included in the acreage goal. Others in the list are asparagus, lima beans, beets, cabbage (kraut), cucumbers (pickles), pimientos, and spinach.

Farmers who contract for the sale of their vegetables to canners certified by their State Agricultural Adjustment Agency Committees will have assurance of receiving the support prices for the four major crops, says WFA. No guarantee is given that growers will receive support prices in any other manner. Prices to canners will be supported by WFA through contracts with canners who agree to enter into approved written contracts with growers at the specified support levels or better, for the raw products.

Mrs. Inez Whitman, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews went to Portland last week and Mr. Andrews is a patient at the Eye and Ear Infirmary where he submitted to eye surgery. Mrs. Andrews will remain in Portland until he is able to come home.

Mrs. Methyl Gerish and Mrs. Virginia Hicker are working in Mann's Mill at present as spare help.

Roland Rowe of New Gloucester is working for his nephew, Frank Hayes.

Miss Mary Stuart Farnum was the week end guest of Miss Eleanor Ring, Tubbs' District.

Ralph M. Bacon of Boston, Mass., is spending his vacation in town the guest of his brother, H. Alton Bacon.

The Bryant Pond Baptist Church held its annual business meeting, Monday evening, May 7 at the Social Hall preceded by a Roll Call Supper. Each church member was requested to come and bring a friend. Following the business meeting, services were held in the church with Dr. J. S. Pendleton of Waterville as the speaker.

In our President, we have just the right kind of a man who has already proven himself humble, yet firm and capable of the great burden that was so suddenly thrust upon him.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

Shirley Bartlett and Carline Dorey then demonstrated "Making Baking Powder Biscuits."

Recitation by Clara Foster. Mrs. Noyes, the Worthy Lecturer, had contests and games for the children. Twenty-nine members and visitors were present.

Saturday evening two cars full of Grange members traveled to Bryant Pond to attend their meeting. An interesting program was enjoyed and a worth while talk was given by Bro. Libby of Maine Forest Service. Those attending from here were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mrs. Sadie Knight, Miss Mabel Abbott, Stephen Abbott, Mrs. Fred Haines, Lewis Curtis and Mrs. Edith Howe.

"YOU CAN ONLY HAVE ONE MOTHER, BOYS."

By Frank Boyker in the Montreal Gazette

How well do I remember when but a little boy.

One day my mother called me to her bed,

I can see her angel face, now before me every place,

As she held me in her arms and softly said,

"Little Son, I'm going to leave you, God is calling me away,

And I want to tell you now before I go,

When you grow to be a man, remember if you can,

That in heaven you will reap whatever you sow,

I hear the angels calling, and I see the gates ajar,

Come nearer, there's something more I want to say,"

Then she whispered in my ear, "Some day I'll meet you dear, In heaven above," and then she passed away.

REFRAIN

You can only have one mother, boys To guide you in this life,

Only one to speak and cheer, help you on in your career,

And encourage you not to falter in your strife,

You can only have one mother, boys With a heart that beats for you,

So when she's passed away, just remember what I say,

That there'll be no other one so good and true.

REFRAIN

You can only have one mother, boys To guide you in this life,

Only one to speak and cheer, help you on in your career,

And encourage you not to falter in your strife,

You can only have one mother, boys With a heart that beats for you,

So when she's passed away, just remember what I say,

That there'll be no other one so good and true.

REFRAIN

You can only have one mother, boys To guide you in this life,

Only one to speak and cheer, help you on in your career,

And encourage you not to falter in your strife,

You can only have one mother, boys With a heart that beats for you,

So when she's passed away, just remember what I say,

That there'll be no other one so good and true.

REFRAIN

Kathleen Norris Says:

To Our Undying Shame

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"There is going to be a bad time for the mothers and sweethearts and friends who have to answer their questions, 'You gave blood, didn't you?' with an embarrassed 'Well, no, I didn't, darling.'"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

A FEW days ago I was in a group of young women who were gathering wraps and parcels as they dispersed after a club luncheon. "How many of you," I asked them casually, "have been to the blood bank lately?"

Lately! Out of 13 of them, only one had ever been, and that more than a year ago. These were healthy young women, busy, of course, burdened with responsibility for homes, kitchen, babies, school-age children, to be sure. But not so burdened, not so busy but what this confession of theirs constitutes the most terrible indictment that American women ever have had to face.

It constitutes the most shameful reproach that after-war memories will ever bring us, a shame never to be forgotten and never to be wiped out; that the Red Cross and the medical corps have to beg us for this life-giving blood, and that we refuse it.

My own blood burns when I think of it, and I wonder how we will explain it to the returned soldiers someday; how we can ever be happy again knowing that magnificent young lives have been sacrificed because we, safe and warm and well-fed and free from fear, just never gave a thought to the blood bank.

"Oh, I've meant to, and Marcia and I talked about it," these young women said cheerfully, "but it's so hard to get around these days. We were going to, remember, Jean? And then we didn't! Oh, yes, the blood bank. That's wonderful, isn't it? Mother says they didn't have it in the last war, and that thousands of lives were lost. Do let's try to get to it this week, or sometime."

The day before this conversation I had happened to see a movie reel of our marines taking possession of a tropical beachhead, as they have done so often. Past the camera flashed the line of young faces, as the heavy boots squelched in the mud and fixed bayonets glinted in the fast-falling rain. Such fine, strong faces, earnest and trusting and hard with the desperate courage and resolution of the attack. And even as we looked this splendid vigorous body and that one fell in the swamp, never to walk again in the pride and confidence of youth!

Our boys have seen grim sights in these war years, they have suffered all the agonies to which human flesh is heir. They have seen children mad with hunger, and dead with hunger; seen homeless thousands of women and old people seeking desperately for food and shelter. They have seen their own friends fall and die, or carried away on stretchers, moaning, bloody, inhuman wreckage. They have known homesickness more bitter than death; known loneliness, not hours or days, of loneliness and doubt.

To have these men pick up a paper from home and read that the Red Cross must solicit donations of the life-giving stream that alone will bring some of them home, is intolerable, and we ought not to tolerate it!

In every gathering of men and women—at men's luncheon clubs, women's club meetings, lecture halls, movie theaters, indeed in the actual churches, why doesn't the chairman or speaker ask those who have contributed life to our dying men to raise their hands? Or better yet, ask those who have not given their blood to the white-

THEY NEED YOUR BLOOD

We have all heard, over and over, that blood plasma, administered on the battlefield and in emergency hospitals, is saving thousands of lives. In this war less than three per cent of the wounded die—as compared with six or seven per cent in the last war. Blood plasma and whole blood administrations are responsible to a large degree for this great saving of young lives.

But this blood has come from healthy human beings. As the tempo of battle increases, greater and greater quantities are needed. The Red Cross is asking and pleading constantly for more donations—not of money, but of blood.

After every victory there is a tendency on the home front to slow down. This is true of bond buying, of war plant production, of donations to the blood bank. On the far-flung fronts, however, there is still urgent need for blood plasma—and will be until the last battle is fought. Keep on giving!

And why not a white feather for the lapel of every man's and woman's suit who chooses to ignore this appeal? Surely if they are not ashamed already the mere wearing of this sign of cowardice wouldn't hurt them? There isn't half enough fuss being made about all this. We have an emblem that means "I gave my blood" that hundreds are proud to wear. Why not another emblem meaning "I didn't pay the slightest attention to the fact that for the men who are shedding their blood for me—sometimes every drop of it, I didn't do anything in return. I knew what plasma is, I knew the miracles it works on the far-away battle stations, but we really haven't anything to be afraid of here, so why worry?"

Remember, you American men and women, our boys are going to come home an embittered and disillusioned lot. What they have had to endure is crucially upsetting to mind and morale. For many months after honorable discharge we will have to give them special treatment; comforting, bracing, rebuilding souls and bodies. There is going to be a bad time then for the mothers and sweethearts and friends who have to answer their question, "You gave blood, didn't you?" with an embarrassed "Well, no, I didn't, darling. I thought that my poor little pint wouldn't mean much, and somehow I never got around to it."

There is still time to save yourself that shame. For God's sake, and for the sake of humanity, do it today. Don't ever let anyone feel again the sting I felt when a young naval doctor wrote me from Guadalcanal to ask the caustic question: "Do you suppose that if they offered two red points a pint some of the men and women at home would get busy at the blood bank?"

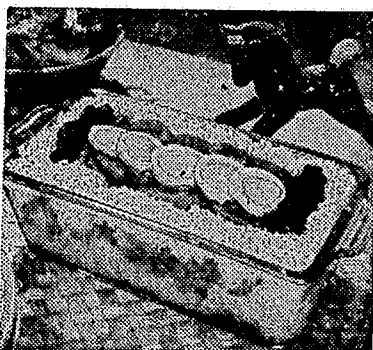
Decorating with Pictures Hang pictures at eye level, if possible without cords showing and flat against the wall. Under an important picture place a substantial piece of furniture. Assemble your family photographs, simply framed, in large groups in your bedroom. Be sure the store you've chosen to do your framing knows its job, for the value of a signed picture can be ruined by too close trimming. Choose simple frames so that the frames will not compete in interest with the pictures themselves.



"Healthy young women."

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Vegetables Rescue Luncheon Time From Doldrums



Creamy rice, tinged red with tomatoes and garnished with eggs, peeks through this pretty loaf dish and flirts with winter-weary appetites.

If you have any luncheon obligations, take care of them during the spring. You have the fresh colors of spring flowers to help out your table motif and a gardenful of fresh fruit and crisp green vegetables.

Yes, give your luncheons in spring. A group of feminine guests won't expect the hearty substantial affair that a male gathering would, so you can lay aside the ration book and concentrate on point-free foods. There are eggs, plentiful in spring, asparagus, tomatoes, greens, strawberries and rhubarb. All make colorful and delectable eating.

Your table will be pretty carried out in the delicate shades of green and pale pink, green and yellow, or pale blue gray and yellow. Do have flowers if it's at all possible because they make for freshness and gaiety. Or, work out an attractive arrangement in fruit. A fresh pineapple surrounded with oranges and shiny apples draped with grapes is effective.

My first suggestion is for a scalloped dish of eggs and tomatoes which is a pretty blending of white, yellow and touches of green and red.

"Scalloped Eggs and Tomatoes. (Serves 6 to 8)

1 1/2 cups scallops or small onions
4 tablespoons butter or substitute
2 cups cooked tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon marjoram
1/2 teaspoon celery seed
2 cups boiled rice
2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1/2 cup grated American cheese

Cook the sliced scallops in butter or substitute until they are about tender. Mix together tomatoes, salt, marjoram, celery seed and cooked rice. Place half of the boiled rice in the bottom of a well-greased loaf pan; cover with tomato and scallop mixture and with a layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

layer of sliced eggs. Place the re-

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Luncheon

Grapefruit-Cranberry Juice
*Scalloped Eggs and Tomatoes
Shredded Lettuce
and Green Pepper Salad
Bran-Raisin Muffins Spread
Citrus Chiffon Pie Beverage
*Recipe given.

mainder of the rice over the other ingredients in the dish; cover with sliced eggs and top with grated American cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 30 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot from the same dish.

Tomato-Bacon Luncheon. (Serves 4)

4 firm ripe tomatoes
3 tablespoons butter or salad oil
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms
1 green pepper, chopped
1 cup cream
Salt and pepper to taste
8 toast triangles
8 slices bacon, broiled

Cut tomatoes in 1/2-inch slices and brown on both sides in butter or oil. Remove from pan and fry mushrooms, green pepper about five minutes. Remove vegetables from pan, add cream to drippings, bring to a boil and season. Arrange vegetables on top of toast. Cover with sauce and top each toast triangle with a slice of bacon.

The above is good when served with a cantaloupe salad, and ice cream with toasted almonds.

If you tire of potato salad readily, I'd suggest you give yourself a different treat with a macaroni salad, molded to be pretty as a picture and garnished cleverly with deviled eggs ornamented with pimiento:

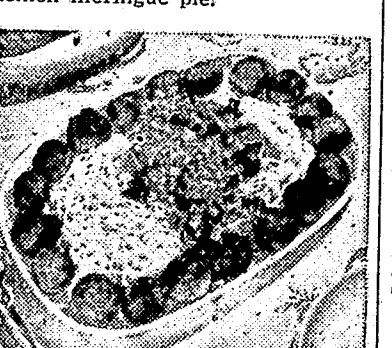
Macaroni Salad. (Serves 8 to 10)

1/2 pound elbow macaroni
4 cups tomato juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water
1 cup diced chicken or ham or flaked salmon or tuna fish
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup canned peas or diced green pepper

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain. Rinse with cold water and allow to cool. Heat the tomato juice to boiling.

Add gelatin which has been dissolved in the cold water. Cool mixture. Then add other ingredients and place in oiled mold. Refrigerate until set. Unmold and serve garnished with deviled eggs, pimiento and cucumber slices.

The dessert for the above main dish salad can be hearty. You might like applesauce cake with chocolate icing, icebox cake or lemon meringue pie.



Meatless is the description for this spaghetti with its vegetable balls that taste like meat and a savory sauce also made of vegetables.

Have you gone vegetarian enough to eat your spaghetti that way? Then you'll like this recipe which makes a tasty dish but still saves points:

Vegetarian Spaghetti. (Serves 6 to 8)

1/2 pound spaghetti
Cook the spaghetti in boiling, salted water until tender; drain. In the meantime make up the following mixture:

1 onion, medium
1 green pepper
4 carrots
4 stalks celery
1/2 to 1 cup ground cooked meat, poultry or fish, if desired.

Grind vegetables and then blend with ground meat, poultry or fish. Mix 1 egg and 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs into mixture. Shape into balls and fry in hot fat or drippings. Remove and drain, then place on top of vegetable sauce made as follows:

3 tablespoons drippings or oil
1/2 cup onion, chopped
1/2 cup green pepper
1 cup diced celery
1 cup mushrooms (optional)
2 cups canned tomatoes

Cook the onion, green pepper, celery and mushrooms in hot drippings until lightly browned. Then add tomatoes and cook until thickened. Serve by heaping spaghetti on platter, garnish with vegetable balls and pour sauce over all.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

For Pleasant Summer Afternoons Gay Two-Piecer for Teen-Agers



1312
36-52

Afternoon Frock

LOVELY afternoon frock for the larger woman who likes a simple, uncluttered feeling about her clothes. Wonderfully slenderizing and with just a touch of ruffling for feminine accent.

Pattern No. 1312 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; 1 yard machine-made ruffling to trim.

Junior Two-Piecer

THE gay little flared peplum on this smooth two-piecer for juniors whittles your waist to a minimum. Use big, bright ric rac for a dashing trim. Smart, and so easy to wear for all your summer activities.

Pattern No. 1394 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18. Size 12, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric; 9 yards trimming.

A new kind of synthetic rubber has been developed from lactic acid (buttermilk).

The B. F. Goodrich Company has made experimental tires of rubber produced from kok-saghyz, the Russian dandelion.

By cooking in dishes that you can bring right to the table, food will stay hot longer and you will save yourself dishwashing.

To avoid fatigue while you are ironing or doing any work where you remain long in one spot, stand on a heavy rug or rubber mat.

Eggs which are very cold separate more easily. Break them as soon as they come out of the ice box if the yolks and whites are to be used separately.

Used crankcase oil may be used to paint fences and gates. Paint only during dry weather.

When making pancakes, here is a useful tip. Rub a little salt over the frying-pan when it is hot. The batter will not stick then.

Dusting with talcum or cornstarch will help keep rubber gloves from sticking together on the inside. The powder is dusted both on the inside and on the outside. This should be done to any rubber material that lies folded.

Squeeze a little lemon juice through the meat grinder before grinding dates, figs, prunes or raisins and they will leave the chopper more readily.

SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

In 1942, our first year at war, 43% of the rubber consumed in the U. S. was synthetic. In 1943, 35%, and in 1944 50%. At the present time, more than 85% is synthetic.

The synthetic rubber industry is using soap at the rate of 100,000,000 pounds a year—enough to cover the needs of the population of Chicago for one year.

A new kind of synthetic rubber has been developed from lactic acid (buttermilk).

The B. F. Goodrich Company has made experimental tires of rubber produced from kok-saghyz, the Russian dandelion.

The flares were shot up for minutes from dusk until noon came out full. It was bright after that and the flares not needed.

But all night long two ships kept up a slow shelling at hills where the Japs were used to be. It wasn't ordnance; just two or three shells have the same ghostly low shade rustle" on this side of the world as on the other.

My foxhole was only about ten where two field telephones, two field radios were lying around. All night, officers signalled at these four pieces of communications and directed our

As I lay there listening, the conversation was so familiar—the words and thoughts and the actions extended known them for so long.

All night I could hear the voices over the phones—the darkness, voices of men in war at the front.

Not long after dark the rifle started. There would be a flurry far ahead, maybe a lot. Then silence for minutes.

Then there would be another way to the left. Then over us and I found that the hell have the same ghostly low shade rustle" on this side of the world as on the other.

The old familiar pattern changed by distance or time or on the other side of the pattern so imbedded in me, coming back into it again.

One of the marines who drifted round in a jeep whenever I go anywhere is Pfc. Buzz the Bronx, New York. Buzz has other accomplishments besides jeep driving. He is the Bing Crosby of the military shut your eyes and ten very hard you can hardly difference.

First met Buzz on the tra-

With Ernie P...

With Ernie P...

Strange...

Fill Nigh...

Intermitt...

Silence B...

Editor's Note: Ernie from a Jap machine gun these for a few weeks.

OKINAWA (by r was uncanny and sad, weary little sou It had been six heard a rifle shot.

I was tagging along quarters company of a were from a pretty, g try. The front lines were thousand yards ahead. C were bivouacked all around.

There were still a few ing around. An officer w in just before dark, shot arm. So we were on our

Just at dusk three slowly overhead in the beach. We paid no at we thought they were weren't.

In a moment all hell from the beach. Our and the guns around start ing stuff into the sky. seen a thicker batch of

As one of the marines were more bullets than sky. Those Jap pilots thought the world was coming to fly into a lead that only 10 hours after we led on Okinawa. All three down.

As deep darkness came into our foxholes and set for the night. The count came as silent as a gravestent, that is, between shots sounds were war sounds were no country sounds at sky was a riot of stars.

Capt. Tom Brown was i hole next to me. As we our backs, looking up starry sky, he said:

"There's the Big Dipper the first time I've seen it. I've been in the Pacific you see, marines of this have done all their fighti the Southern Cross, where Dipper doesn't show.

As full darkness came, an lighting the country is over the front lines. T shot in shells from our b timed to burst above our l float down on parachutes.

To keep the country light we could see the Japs if t to infiltrate, which is one favorite tricks.

The flares were shot up for minutes from dusk until noon came out full. It was bright after that and the flares not needed.

But all night long two ships kept up a slow shelling at hills where the Japs were used to be. It wasn't ordnance; just two or three shells have the same ghostly low shade rustle" on this side of the world as on the other.

My foxhole was only about ten where two field telephones, two field radios were lying around. All night, officers signalled at these four pieces of communications and directed our

As I lay there listening, the conversation was so familiar—the words and thoughts and the actions extended known them for so long.

All night I could hear the voices over the phones—the darkness, voices of men in war at the front.

Not long after dark the rifle started. There would be a flurry far ahead, maybe a lot. Then silence for minutes.

Then there would be another way to the left. Then over us and I found that the hell have the same ghostly low shade rustle" on this side of the world as on the other.

The old familiar pattern changed by distance or time or on the other side of the pattern so imbedded in me, coming back into it again.

One of the marines who drifted round in a jeep whenever I go anywhere is Pfc. Buzz the Bronx, New York. Buzz has other accomplishments besides jeep driving. He is the Bing Crosby of the military shut your eyes and ten very hard you can hardly difference.

First met Buzz on the tra-

With Ernie P...

Strange...

Fill Nigh...

Intermitt...

Silence B...

Editor's Note: Ernie from a Jap machine gun these for a few weeks.

OKINAWA (by r was uncanny and sad, weary little sou It had been six heard a rifle shot.

I was tagging along quarters company of a were from a pretty, g try. The front lines were thousand yards ahead. C were bivouacked all around.

There were still a few ing around. An officer w in just before dark, shot arm. So we were on our

Just at dusk three slowly overhead in the beach. We paid no at we thought they were weren't.

In a moment all hell from the beach. Our and the guns around start ing stuff into the sky. seen a thicker batch of

As one of the marines were more bullets than sky. Those Jap pilots thought the world was coming to fly into a lead that only 10 hours after we led on Okinawa. All three down.

As deep darkness came into our foxholes and set for the night. The count came as silent as a gravestent, that is, between shots sounds were war sounds were no country sounds at sky was a riot of stars.

Capt. Tom Brown was i hole next to me. As we our backs, looking up starry sky, he said:

"There's the Big Dipper the first time I've seen it. I've been in the Pacific you see, marines of this have done all their fighti the Southern Cross, where Dipper doesn't show.

As full darkness came, an lighting the country is over the front lines. T shot in shells from our b timed to burst above our l float down on parachutes.

To keep the country light we could see the Japs if t to infiltrate, which is one favorite tricks.

With Ernie Pyle in the Pacific:

Strange Sounds of War Fill Night on Okinawa

Intermittent Gunfire Breaks Eerie
Silence Below Star-Bedecked Sky

By Ernie Pyle

Editor's Note: Ernie Pyle was several dispatches ahead when he met death from a Jap machine gun on Ie island. This newspaper will continue to print these for a few weeks.

OKINAWA (by navy radio).—Our first night on Okinawa was uncanny and full of old familiar sounds—the exciting, sad, weary little sounds of war.

It had been six months since I'd slept on the ground, or heard a rifle shot. With the marines it was about the same.

I was tagging along with a headquarters company of a regiment. We were on a pretty, grassy country. The front lines were about a thousand yards ahead. Other troops were bivouacked all around us.

There were still a few snipers hiding around. An officer was brought in just before dark, shot through the arm. So we were on our toes.

Just at dusk three planes flew slowly overhead in the direction of the beach. We paid no attention, for we thought they were ours. But they weren't.

In a moment all hell cut loose from the beach. Our entire fleet and the guns ashore started throwing stuff into the sky. I've never seen a thicker batch of ack-ack.

As one of the marines said, there were more bullets than there was sky. Those Jap pilots must have thought the world was coming to an end to fly into a lead storm like that only 10 hours after we had landed on Okinawa. All three were shot down.

As deep darkness came on we got into our foxholes and settled down for the night. The countryside became as silent as a graveyard—silent, that is, between shots. The only sounds were war sounds. There were no country sounds at all. The sky was a riot of stars.

Capt. Tom Brown was in the foxhole next to me. As we lay there on our backs, looking up into the starry sky, he said:

"There's the Big Dipper. That's the first time I've seen that since I've been in the Pacific." For you see, marines of this division have done all their fighting under the Southern Cross, where our Big Dipper doesn't show.

As full darkness came, flares began lighting the country ahead of us over the front lines. They were shot in shells from our battalions, timed to burst above our lines, and float down on parachutes. That was to keep the country lighted up so we could see the Japs if they tried to infiltrate, which is one of their favorite tricks.

The flares were shot up several minutes from dusk until the moon came out full. It was very bright after that and the flares were not needed.

But all night long two or three ships kept up a slow shelling of the hills where the Japs were supposed to be. It wasn't a bombardment; just two or three shells over us and I found that passing shells have the same ghostly "wind-shade rustle" on this side of the world as on the other.

My foxhole was only about 20 feet from where two field telephones and two field radios were lying on the ground. All night, officers sat on the ground at these four pieces of communications and directed our troops.

As I lay there listening in the dark, the conversation was startlingly familiar—the words and the thoughts and the actions exactly as I'd known them for so long in the infantry.

All night I could hear these low voices over the phones—voices in the darkness, voices of men running in the war at the front.

Not long after dark the rifle shots started. There would be a little flurry far ahead, maybe a dozen shots. Then silence for many minutes.

Then there would be another flurry, way to the left. Then silence. Then the blurt of a machine gun burst, and a few scattered single shots of framing it. Then a silence. Spooky.

All night it went like that. Flares in the sky ahead, the crack of big guns behind us, then of passing shells, a few dark figures coming in the night, the feel of the night air under the wide sky back again at the kind of life I had known so long.

The old familiar pattern, unchanged by distance or time from the other side of the world, pattern so imbedded in my soul that, coming back into it again, it

seemed to me as I lay there that I'd never known anything else in my life. And there are millions of us.

Spends Night in Gypsy Hideout

The company commander, Capt. Julian Dusenbury, said I could have my choice of two places to spend the first night with his company.

One was with him in his command post. The command post was a big, round Japanese gun emplacement, made of sandbags. The Japs had never occupied it, but they had stuck a log out of it, pointing toward the sea and making it look like a gun to aerial reconnaissance.

Captain Dusenbury and a couple of his officers had spread ponchos on the ground inside the emplacement and had hung their telephone on a nearby tree and were ready for business. There was no roof on the emplacement. It was right on top of a hill and cold and very windy.

My other choice was with a couple of enlisted men who had room for me in a little Gypsy-like hideout they'd made.

It was a tiny, level place about halfway down the hillside, away from the sea. They'd made a roof over it by tying ponchos to trees and had dug up some Japanese straw mats out of a farmhouse to lay on the ground.

I chose the second of these two places, partly because it was warmer, and also because I wanted to be with the men anyhow.

My two "roommates" were Cpl. Martin Clayton Jr. of Dallas, Texas, and Pfc. William Gross of Lansing, Mich.

Clayton is nicknamed "Bird Dog" and nobody ever calls him anything else. He is tall, thin and dark, almost Latin-looking. He sports a puny little mustache he's been trying to grow for weeks and he makes fun of it.

Gross is simply called Gross. He is very quiet, but thoughtful of little things and they both sort of looked after me for several days. These two boys have become very close friends, and after the war they intend to go to UCLA together and finish their education.

The boys said we could all three sleep side by side in the same "bed." So I got out my contribution to the night's beauty rest. And it was a very much appreciated contribution, too. For I had carried a blanket as well as a poncho.

These marines had been sleeping every night on the ground with no cover, except their cold, rubberized ponchos, and they had almost frozen to death. Their packs were so heavy they hadn't been able to bring blankets ashore with them.

Our next door neighbors were about three feet away in a similar level spot on the hillside, and they had roofed it similarly with ponchos. These two men were Sgt. Neil Anderson of Coronado, Calif., and Sgt. George Valido of Tampa, Fla.

So we chummed up and the five of us cooked supper under a tree just in front of our "house." The boys made a fire out of sticks and we put canteen cups and K rations right on the fire.

Other little groups of marines had similar little fires going all over the hillside. As we were eating, another marine came past and gave Bird Dog a big piece of fresh roasted pig they had just cooked, and Bird Dog gave me some. It sure was good after days of K rations.

Several of the boys found their K rations moldy, and mine was too. It was the old-fashioned kind and we finally realized they were 1942 rations and had been stored, probably in Australia, all this time.

Suddenly downhill a few yards, we heard somebody yell and start cussing and then there was a lot of laughter. What had happened was that one marine had heated a K ration can and, because it was pressure packed, it exploded when he pried it open and there were hot eggs yolk over him. Usually the boys open a can a little first, and release the pressure before heating, so the can won't explode.

G.I. Songsters Lighten Buddies' Cares

One of the marines who drives me around in a jeep whenever I have to go anywhere is Pfc. Buzz Vitere of the Bronx, New York.

Buzz has other accomplishments besides jeep driving. He is known the Bing Crosby of the marines, you shut your eyes and don't ten very hard you can hardly tell the difference.

First met Buzz on the transport

coming up to Okinawa. He and a friend would give an impromptu and homegrown concert on deck every afternoon.

They would sit on a hatch in the warm tropical sun and pretty soon there would be scores of marines and sailors packed around them, listening in appreciative silence. It made the trip to war almost like a Caribbean luxury cruise.

You'll Be Sorry

By LARRY STERNIG
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Features.

LAURA was in a hurry. Having lost her part-time maid to a war plant some months before, she really had to hustle when she planned to be away all day. And now she was due at the hospital.

She made a last-minute checkup before pulling on her gloves. The table was set for dinner though it was only nine o'clock in the morning; salad greens were crisping in the refrigerator; the casserole and biscuits were ready to be popped into the oven when she returned.

Laura locked up, glanced at her watch and wished her big, old-fashioned house were a bit nearer the bus line. As near as Mrs. Farnham's modern bungalow.

Mrs. Farnham hadn't come to the hospital on her regular day last week and Laura wondered why. As she passed the bungalow, a mere half block from the bus, she instinctively glanced toward the porch—just in time to see Mrs. Farnham skid on a bar of soap and upset a pail of water.

Laura repressed a wicked urge to laugh. There was something funny about the stout matron's dignity being diluted in the puddle. But maybe she was hurt. Laura dashed up the steps and was relieved to find that the lady's pride had suffered most.

"You'll be all right when you've changed into something dry," Laura consoled as she helped the sputtering woman into the house. "Look here, I've just missed my bus anyway, so why don't you take off those wet clothes while I hunt up your robe?"

"Robe!" Mrs. Farnham snorted. "I've got to get into another house-dress and finish scrubbing that darned porch."

"Oh, is your cleaning woman on vacation?"

"Vacation!" the indignant woman barked. "I'll be a permanent one so far as I'm concerned. She took advantage of the present shortage of domestics. I engaged her by the hour and she slowed down until I was paying her more for less work." She tossed the dripping garment on a chair and finished explosively, "I fired her!"

"You'll find someone else," Laura said soothingly.

"Not a chance. By the way, Laura, tell the hospital I won't be in for my weekly stint any more. I'll be too busy at home."

"Nonsense," Laura said a trifle sharply. "I've been without help for months and I manage to do my bit. Of course there won't be much spare time when the children get back from camp and I have half cleaning to—"

"Exactly, Laura. Simply tell Miss Tully you can't make it any more or you'll regret it."

Laura enjoyed waiting on people. Consequently she had a field day at the hospital. Sick people needed a certain amount of pampering and she was just the one to serve it up—in big doses.

Today Miss Tully assigned her to the second floor. Fresh water for the feverish lady in 204; plumped pillows for that restless young patient in Ward 3; and that woman in the corner seemed to need attention of some sort. She was middle-aged and her soft brown eyes were worried.

"You're lucky to be near the window," Laura said cheerfully as she smoothed the cotton spread. "Are you well enough to sit up?"

The woman nodded her gray head and smiled faintly. "Oh, yes. I'm just about as good as new, the doctor says. I'll be leaving in a few days." The smile disappeared and she bit her lip.

"I suppose your family can't wait till you're home again."

The woman's brooding eyes lifted to meet Laura's interested gaze. "My family is—my son." Her voice broke and then she said proudly, "Jim's a paratrooper, he is. He don't know I'm here; didn't want to worry him. But—" she reached into the drawer of her bedside stand and took out a telegram. "It says here he's coming home on furlough."

"Jim's coming home tonight and I can't bear to think he'll be alone, getting his own meals out of cans when he was counting so much on home-cooked food. Those things mean so much to a boy, you know."

Laura did know. Moreover, she knew what to do about it. With the children away there was plenty of room. Jim would be welcome at her home. Her husband would enjoy swapping yarns with a paratrooper who had seen action in France. "And that's not all," Laura finished. "When you leave here I want you to stay with us until you are strong again. It'll boost Jim's morale to know you're having good care."

A few weeks later Laura was hailed by Mrs. Farnham, who was on the porch brushing sofa cushions. She waved the brush with a condescending gesture. "On your way to the hospital again, Laura?" she sang out. "How do you ever manage?"

Laura waved back airily. "Simple, my dear. I met a very nice person named Mrs. Murphy at the hospital. After she recovered from her operation she needed a job to replace the one from which you fired her. Now that she's well, she accomplishes a lot."

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

ONE MAN'S WORK

ON UNION PUBLICATION

A SHORT TIME AGO Ellis Searles died in Washington. For considerably more than a quarter of a century he was numbered among my much-appreciated newspaper friends. I knew him first when he was the political editor of the Indianapolis News, a Democratic newspaper, the principal owner of which was a leading Republican. That condition, plus the division of both parties in the state into bitterly warring factions, with Fairbanks the leader of one of the Republican factions, made the job of political editor of the News not an easy one to handle. That was especially true in a state where the game of politics was played as close to the chest as in Indiana. Searles was thoroughly grounded in all the details of the political situation in the state. He knew all the inhibitions, and was filling the job to the satisfaction of a Republican owner and a Democratic clientele.

It was, as I remember, either 1917 or 1918 that Searles told me he was quitting the News. He said the job, under the conditions that they existed, offered no opportunity to do constructive work, and he wanted to do something that would aid in bettering America. He told me he had accepted the job of editing the Coal Miners' Journal.

At first it was hard for me to believe his statement. I could visualize Ellis Searles on such a job. He told me he had accepted on John Lewis' written agreement that, as editor of the miners' publication, he could use it as a medium through which to inspire better American citizenship. Lewis had urged that he do just that.

For a quarter of a century Ellis Searles, through every issue of the Coal Miners' Journal, carried to the miners' audience the ideology of our American way of life; the operations of a representative government, and the citizen's place in that government. He did, in a simple, understandable way, what the schools might do. He believed in the efficacy of the job he was doing. He believed he was giving the miners and their families a broader conception of the meaning and values of American citizenship.

Regardless of our opinion of John Lewis, and his influence, we must credit him with having made the work of Ellis Searles possible.

WHEN IS A COMPANY IN 'BIG BUSINESS'?

HOW BIG must business be to be considered big business? How small and how large can business be to be in the small business class? We have in the United States 40 concerns each with assets ranging from one to more than six billion dollars. That is big business, but in what category is the business between that and on down to the village store? Just where does big business stop and small business start? Can the answer be based on the amount of assets, number of stockholders, number of employees or profits. Metropolitan Life Insurance company is the largest business in America in point of assets. They amount to \$6,463,009,532. It has 30,500,000 stockholders. It employs, exclusive of agents working on commission, 26,507 people. Its profits for 1943 amounted to \$24,468,528, a bit under \$1 per stockholder. To me the village store represents small business. To some people I know the one hundred million dollar corporation is considered small business. I know of no standard.

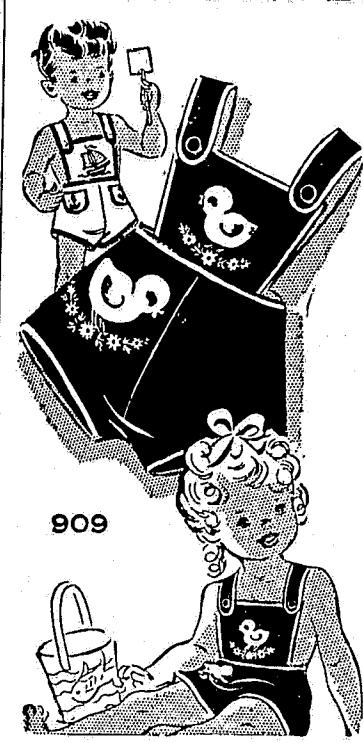
POSTWAR FARMING SHOULD BE UNREGULATED

THE MOST PRACTICAL postwar solution of the so-called farm problem is to permit the farmer to raise what he wants his acres will produce to best advantage, without direction or regimentation from Washington. The government's job to be that of assuring him a fair price market at home and abroad. The farmer would prefer that the government assist China, for example, in supplying food for her starving millions, and by so doing provide a market for full American farm production, rather than have the government pay him a dollar for not producing. The world produces too little, rather than too much food to assure full stomachs for all peoples. It is a problem of world distribution.

WE CAN JUSTLY sing praises to the heroic exploits of the airman; we can glory in the hard hitting shells of the artillery, and the daring leading of the tanks; we can marvel at the skill and resources of the engineers, but it is the infantry that really wins the war. The fier, the artillery, the tanks and the engineers are but preparatory. It is when the weary, heavy, mud-encrusted feet of the G.I. Joes of the infantry have been implanted on soil held by the enemy that the battle is over.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

Sun Suits for Brother and Sister



909

COOL—comfortable—gaily embroidered and made of but 1 yard of material! The applique chicks are sister's; brother goes nautical.

Make two suits from one pattern! Pattern 909 has a transfer pattern of 2 bibs, pockets, necessary pattern pieces for suits in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

1. Where is the longest canal in the world?
2. Are congressmen required by law to attend any session of congress?
3. Who calls "track" in the sports world when he wants people out of his way?
4. What man signed his correspondence and paintings with the figure of a butterfly?
5. Will food cook more quickly in vigorously or gently boiling water?
6. Sinology is the study of what?
7. What is a milkshok?
8. What stadium has the largest seating capacity in the United States?
9. What bird has the swiftest flight for short distances?
10. Approximately how far does the earth travel each day on its journey around the sun?

The Answers

1. In China. It is 2,100 miles long and was completed in 1350 after 600 years.
2. No.
3. A skier.
4. James Whistler.
5. The same.
6. Chinese language and culture.
7. A weak man.
8. Soldier field, Chicago (150,000).
9. Humming bird.
10. 1,601,604 miles.

Logs Debarked by High Pressure Jets of Water

Several sawmills now remove bark from logs at the rate of 20 feet in 30 seconds with a new machine that fires two jets of water down at them as they rotate and pass by on a conveyor, says Collier's.

As the jets exert the tremendous pressure of 1,400 pounds per square inch, they are moved back and forth rapidly on a carriage, so that they will not bore holes in the logs.



JOEY: Gee, Mom! I almost had to fight to keep the Filled Buns you put in my lunch box!

MOM: Well, Joey, we'll just have to tell their Moms how easy it is to make those buns and other wonderful treats with Fleischmann's yellow label yeast!

AND ANOTHER THING, EDITH... FLEISCHMANN'S IS THE ONLY YEAST FOR BAKING THAT HAS ADDED AMOUNTS OF BOTH VITAMINS A AND D, AS WELL AS THE VITAMIN B COMPLEX!

• And all those vitamins go right into your baking with no great loss in the oven. So, always get Fleischmann's yellow label yeast. A week's supply keeps in the ice-box.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern
No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Rocket Bombs' Damage

During the 57 months of the war up to June 1, 1944, Nazi bombers damaged or destroyed 3,375,000 houses in Britain, an average of nearly 2,000 a day.

But in the next four months, their V-1 robots destroyed or damaged 1,125,000 more houses, an average of 9,000 a day.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, sour-tasting gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-Sore Tablets. No inactive. Bell-Sore brings comfort in 5 minutes or double your money back on return of bottle to us, 25c at all druggists.

STRAINS, SORENESS CUTS, BURNS

A favorite household antiseptic dressing and liniment for 98 years—Hanford's BALSAM OF MYRRH. It contains soothing gums to relieve the soreness and stinging of cuts and burns, soothe the skin. Its antiseptic action lessens the danger of infection whenever the skin is cut or broken. Keep a bottle handy for the minor casualties of kitchen and nursery. At your drugstore—trial size bottle 35¢; household size 65¢; economy size \$1.25. G. C. HANFORD MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y. Sole makers of

Balsam of Myrrh

—Buy War Savings Bonds—

KEEP AHEAD OF THE HEADLINES

Dorothy Thompson



"TOPICS OF TODAY"

Listen Sunday
9:45 P. M.

Sponsored by

Trimount Clothing Co.

★

YANKEE NETWORK
in New England

NTS
ING
TOP

ed by
nd re-
by A
from
arg, N
office
l now
story.
will
thin a
rations

h was
enjoyed
to move
a sale
st two
to note
nain in

he class
at the
Meserve
nesday
and get
pou

nt were:
Kimbball
Urban
Alice
orchester,
ton Ring
Valentine
ur Cum-
Alta Cum-

ive Ward-
Mrs Urban
thy, Bart
John Me-

of Bethel
field were
he Baptist
the cere-
Rev. C F
ingle ring

laughter of
ld of Oquo-
Ransley

of Mr and
of Bethel,
cols and is
lake's Gar-

RESERVED
LEAD

Y
s
a
y
rt
h

nd
1-
nd
16
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31

ax

vice

MAN

IEL 103

ND, D.C.

hy

asses Fitted

ung House

8:30; 7 to 9

oliment

94

nce

ATION

O.

ted

100

100

100

100

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 10 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Sewing Machine, two couch beds suitable for camp use. EDWARD HAINES, R F D 1, Bethel.

FOR SALE—Modern Nine Room House with Steam Heat and four Overlaid Cabins. Located at Shelburne. For particulars write HOMER C. HAMLIN, Gorham, New Hampshire. 30p

WANTED

WANTED—Dishwasher from 11 A M to 3 P M. BETHEL RESTAURANT. 15c

POULTRY WANTED—Stanley ROBERTS, Riddellton, Maine. Tel. Riddellton 753. 25p

MISCELLANEOUS

LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED. Small Job Work. ARTHUR GERRICK, Bethel. 13p

Leave Shoes at Chamberlin's Store for repair and clothes to clean Wednesday and Saturday. EXCEL CLEANERS AND DYERS, INC., Auburn, Maine. 44c

LEAVE SHOES AT EARL DAVIS' for repair. RICHER'S SHOE SHOP, Gorham, N. H. 40c

I want to thank my many friends for the acts of kindness, words of sympathy, and beautiful flowers in our recent bereavement. MR AND MRS H S JODREY

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executor of the estate of Clarence W. Hall, late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. HARRIET H. HALL, Bethel, Maine. April 17th, 1945. 19

BUSINESS CARDS

E. L. GREENLEAF
OPTOMETRIST

will be at his rooms over
Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, JUNE 2

GERRY BROOKS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Broad Street
BETHEL, MAINE
Telephone 74

JOHN F. IRVINE
Cemetery Memorials
Granite - Marble - Bronze
LETTERING—CLEANING
PHONE BETHEL 23-31

GERARD S. WILLIAMS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Closed for Duration of War
Address Mail to Box 88, Bethel

DR RALPH O. HOOD
Osteopathic Physician
at the home of
Mrs. Clifford Merrill
High Street, Mondays

ELMER E. BENNETT
AGENT
New York Life Insurance Co.
Bethel, Maine
Telephone 110

S.S. Greenleaf
Funeral Home
Modern Ambulance Equipment
TELEPHONE 112 BETHEL
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

HAROLD CHAMBERLIN
Agent
THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
The Policyholders' Company
Bethel, Maine

MONUMENTS
JAMES P. MURPHY CO.
INC.
Lewiston Monumental Works
"Over 60 Years of Experience"
Write For Catalogue
4-10 Bates St. Lewiston, Me.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
John J. Foster, Minister
9:45 Church School. Mrs. Loton Hutchinson, Superintendent.
11:00 Kindergarten Class. Mrs. John J. Foster and Miss Lee Nary in charge.

11:00 Morning Worship Sermon Topic, "A Retreat to Success." There will be no Pilgrim Fellowship meeting Sunday night. Mr. Foster will be speaking at the Congregational Church in Berlin, N. H.

The Ladies Club will hold its regular yearly picnic at the home of Mrs. Ava Austin on Thursday afternoon, May 17th, at three o'clock.

The Year-Round Club will hold a "Teen Canteen Night" for its members on Friday night, beginning at seven o'clock. The admission price will be ten cents, and refreshments will be sold during the evening. Dancing, games and other entertainment will be enjoyed by all. There will be a banquet in the church basement on Saturday evening at 6:30 o'clock for the members of the Year-Round Club and prospective new members.

METHODIST CHURCH
William Penner, Pastor
9:45 Church School. Miss Minnie Wilson, Superintendent.
11:00 Morning worship service. Mother's Day will be observed.

6:45 Youth Fellowship meeting at the Church. William Penner will lead the discussion in the church membership class.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
Services Sunday morning at 10:45.

"Adam and Fallen Man" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, May 13.

The Golden Text is: "They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God" (Romans 8: 3).

The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And they were called by a name from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground. And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of life; and man became a living soul" (Genesis 1: 27 and 2: 6-7).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following selections from the Christian Science textbook, Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy: "It may be worth while here to remark that, according to the best scholars, there are clear evidences of two distinct documents in the early part of the book of Genesis. The Science of the first record proves the falsity of the second. If one is true the other is false, for they are antagonistic. The first record assigns all might and government to God and endows man out of God's perfection and power. This second record unmistakably gives the history of error in its externalized forms, called life and intelligence in matter" (pages 523: 14-17; 522: 3-7, 12-14).

Testimonial meetings second Wednesday of every month.

BRYANT POND BAPTIST CHURCH
Rev Franklin S. Keehlwetter, Pastor

Miss Margaret L. Howe, Organist and Choir director.

Morning Worship, 10:30.
Sermon: "The Power of a Good Mother." Text: 2 Timothy 1:5
Sunday School at 11:45
P. P. Bible Class at 7:00
Evening Service at 7:30
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at the parsonage.

Young people will meet on Thursday in the Social Hall.

Bible Club, Friday after school. Choir rehearsal Friday evening.

ALBANY TOWN HOUSE
and Vicinity
Mrs. Annie Bumpus, Correspondent

Rev W I Bull conducted the Church service Sunday afternoon with an attendance of 11. This was Rural Life Sunday.

Cpl and Mrs. Arthur Hazelton were supper guests at Harlan Bumpus Tuesday evening.

The first Circle of the season will be held at Hunt's Corner, May 17th.

There were 13 in the party which hung Edwin Bumpus a Maybasket Thursday evening, May 2nd. After all had been caught they came in and played post office.

Edwin Bumpus celebrated his birthday May 1st. For supper guests he had Sue McAllister, Pvt Ernest Lumeau, Althea Grover, Lester Inman, and Fred Pinkham.

Members of the Hilda Ives Class met with Mrs. Spring Wednesday, May 2nd, for an all day meeting. Several brought the aprons they had made for the sale to be held in the summer, and holders were out to be made before the next meeting, June 6th. This will be an afternoon meeting only.

Friday evening a party was held at the Grange Hall for Fred Pinkham, who expects to enter the armed forces soon. Dancing was enjoyed and refreshments of sandwiches, coffee and punch were served.

ROUND MOUNTAIN GRANGE

The first Grange Meeting of the year was held Monday evening with 17 members present, including all the officers for 1945.

A service flag was purchased last winter for Bro Kendrick Scribner, who is in the Navy and a star has been added for Bro Ernest Lumeau who is in the Marines. It was voted to pay their dues until their return to civilian life.

The Literary program was as follows:
Opening Song, Long, Long Ago
Roll Call answered by suggestions for improving our Grange programs

Miscellaneous Quiz by all
Closing Song, Battle Hymn of the Republic by the Grange

A lunch of escalloped potato, sandwiches, cake, pie and coffee was served after the meeting.

The Worthy Lecturer was appointed to report the Grange meetings.

FOOD RATION STAMPS GOOD

FEB.	MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.
RED STAMPS						
Y 5		Z 6	A 7	B 8	C 9	THRU JUNE 2
F 10		G 11	H 12	I 13	J 14	THRU JUNE 30
K 15		L 16	M 17	N 18	P 19	THRU JULY 31
Q 20		R 21	S 22	T 23	U 24	FROM MAY 1 THRU AUG. 31
Next stamps become good in June						
BLUE STAMPS						
N 25		O 26	P 27	Q 28	R 29	THRU JUNE 2
S 30		T 31	U 32	V 33	W 34	THRU JUNE 30
X 35		Y 36	Z 37	A 38	B 39	THRU JULY 31
C 40		D 41	E 42	F 43	G 44	FROM MAY 1 THRU AUG. 31
Next stamps become good in June						
SUGAR STAMPS						
35 SUGAR		THRU JUNE 2				
36 SUGAR		FROM MAY 1 THRU AUG. 31				

CLIP THIS CHART FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

CLIP THIS CHART FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

ROWE HILL

Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey and son, Walter, were at her father's Oatman Palmer's over the week end. Callers at Colby Ring's and Chester Record's Saturday were Howard and Mabel Libby of Bryant Pond.

Wilmer Bryant was in East Bethel Sunday.

Tony Mockus and Misses Maw-jorie and Sylvia Ring of West Paris were at Wilmer Bryant's Sunday.

Sylvia will stay awhile. Colby Ring was in Bethel recently.

Mrs. Eva Record returned to her home here after staying with her daughter at South Paris for the winter. Mr. Record came to Bryant's the last of March both went to their home here Thursday.

Mrs. Margaret Bryant was in Bethel Friday.

Wilmer Bryant, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Ray Hanscom and Sylvia Ring were in South Paris and Norway Monday.

MT. WASHINGTON AND MT. MADISON AS VIEWED FROM SHELBOURN-PUMPING STATION

This afternoon, February 5, as a brilliant winter sun is poised over the tip of Mt. Madison, a shaft of light streams the length of our motor room and into the office itself at Shelburne station. On the mountains to the left, on the hills to the right, and behind us down the Androscoggin Valley, the white birches by the thousand step forth to meet the receding sun. Beneath that sun, the snow clad peak of Mt. Madison stands out in a magnificent, shining silver so bright that it dazzles the eye.

This afternoon is May 2nd. The weather is high, partially cloudy, and the birds are singing in the grove. Little Mt. Evans in front of the cottages has taken on a color of spring, and the poplars and birches are adorned with a coat of light green. However, a cool breeze comes down from the big mountains, ripples along the Androscoggin, and tells us that summer has not yet arrived here in Shelburne valley.

This afternoon is May 2nd. The weather is high, partially cloudy, and the birds are singing in the grove. Little Mt. Evans in front of the cottages has taken on a color of spring, and the poplars and birches are adorned with a coat of light green. However, a cool breeze comes down from the big mountains, ripples along the Androscoggin, and tells us that summer has not yet arrived here in Shelburne valley.

Harold "Red" Perham, Shelburne, N. H.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: A Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-five, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1945, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Cornelia A. Wheeler, late of Bethel, deceased; Petition for the appointment of Roger W. Wheeler as administrator of the estate of said deceased, with bond, presented by Roger W. Wheeler, heir-at-law.

George K. Hastings, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Robert D. Hastings, administrator.

William S. Hastings, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Ruth C. Hastings, administratrix.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this third Tuesday of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-five.

EARLE R. CLIFFORD, Register. 19

WOMEN BOWLERS HOLD JITNEY DRAW TOURNEY

From the St Petersburg Independent, March 13.

Mrs. E. S. Kilborn was high with twin wins and a score of 22 to lead 40 women lawn bowlers in a jitney draw game at Mirror Lake park last night. Mrs. W. W. Dun-das was a close second with a score of 21 and Mrs. M. M. Bennett and Mrs. E. A. Jones each scored 22 for one win. Another evening jitney will be played Friday.

DIED

In Rumford, May 5, William J. Stearns of Paris, aged 79 years.

In Bethel, May 6, Gard M. Goddard, formerly of Bethel, aged 50 years.

In Portland, May 7, Annie M. Young, formerly of Bethel, aged 81 years.

In Bethel, May 8, Mrs. Nellie Doane, aged 82 years.

NINA H. UPSON, Supt.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank my friends of Bethel and vicinity for the many kind expressions of sympathy shown me in my recent sorrow.

Mrs. Ada Baletine

The Supt. of Woodlawn Cemetery respectfully requests that owners of lots not having perpetual care, participate in the annual spring clean-up by having their lots in good condition before Memorial Day.

Rubbish may be left in piles which will be disposed of by the general care-taker.

20 NINA H. UPSON, Supt.

RAYette

Cold Wave PERMANENT

To you, who value the BEST, RAYETTE Cold Permanent Wave offers the loveliest in strong NATURAL looking waves and curls. A bou-quet to charming femininity is the deep undulations, the whisper soft curls, the sheen and lustre of hair in radiant condition.

Announcing

Due to the lack of hairdressers in Bethel and the shortage of gasoline, we shall be glad to accommodate any ladies who wish to have a permanent or finger wave at any time. Coming by bus or train we will do everything possible so that return connections can be made.

To make appointment send postal card and mention what is wanted, date and time desired. If no answer is received we can do work as desired. If we cannot do it at time designated we will answer immediately and make appointment at earliest possible time.

We specialize in all branches of beauty culture.

Prices in our shoppe are as follows:

Machine Permanent \$4.00 up to \$15.00
Machineless Permanent \$5.00 up to \$15.00
Cold Waves \$10.00 up to \$50.00
De-ter-jal-ized Process of Permanent Waving \$12.50 up to \$25.00

FLORENCE'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

53 CHURCH STREET
Between Pleasant and School Streets
Phone 1575 BETHEL, N. H.

Effective July 1, 1944

SLABS \$3.00 per cord
Sawing \$1.50 per cord
Delivering in Village, full load \$2.00 per cord
Sawed Slabs 2 cords to a load 4 ft. Slabs 3 cords to a load
BUTTINGS \$9.00 per large load, delivered

These prices are below the ceilings which were set for this area in November 1943. Term: Cash on delivery.

P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.
Tel. 135-2

POPPY DAY, MAY 26th

On Poppy Day, May 26th, the members of the American Legion Auxiliary will dedicate their best efforts to the distribution of memorial poppies to the citizens of Bethel, the Poppy Chairman announced today. It is one of the ways in which they pay tribute to and keep faith with those who died in the nation's service, saying as they fell:

"Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hand we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high."

"The wearing of the poppy has become a silent pledge renewed each year, that the people of America have not forgotten the responsibility they have been given by their fighting men of both wars," said the chairman. "Many of these men have given their lives or their health for us, and it is with deep gratitude to them that we set aside a day on which to honor them and assure them that we remember our promise."

On Poppy Day the Women of the Auxiliary will offer poppies to everyone in Bethel. There is no fixed price for a poppy—whatever is given is welcome. The little boy's pennies and the business man's dollar are equally acceptable. It is hoped that every citizen will be wearing the crimson badge by nightfall of May 26th.

Every cent that is given for a poppy goes toward the rehabilitation of disabled men and to the aid of the children of the dead and disabled. These victims of wars disaster will be glad to see the poppies blooming on laps again this year.

SCHOOL SAVINGS

Week of May 7, 1945

Grade	Sav. Bank	Total	P C
I	\$1.00	\$4.45	76
II	5.00	5.50	96
III	4.00	5.20	60
IV	6.00	6.50	64

V	\$16.00	\$21.65	52
VI	\$1.00	\$3.10	56
VII	9.00	7.80	58
VIII	1.00	3.25	52

First and Seventh grades have banners.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank my friends of Bethel and vicinity for the many kind expressions of sympathy shown me in my recent sorrow.

Mrs. Ada Baletine

The Supt. of Woodlawn Cemetery respectfully requests that owners of lots not having perpetual care, participate in the annual spring clean-up by having their lots in good condition before Memorial Day.

Rubbish may be left in piles which will be disposed of by the general care-taker.

20 NINA H. UPSON, Supt.

VICTORY

With hearts full of thanksgiving, we bow our heads in tribute to those men and women on the fighting front who, more than any, have made the victory possible.

In the conflict still facing us, we take courage from the victory just won . . . and pressing forward in the assurance that it shall be our privilege to help make a world again free for happy living.

THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

Member F. D. I. C.

MEN'S CLOTHING BOOTS and SHOES

Dick Young's Service Station

Railroad Street, Bethel

BLAKE'S GARAGE & WELDING SHOP

Phones—Shop 44—Residence 42-4
Automobile Repairing
Get Your Car Inspected
This Month.

This is an Official Inspection Station

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF BIRD'S Roofing

ASPHALT SHINGLES FLASHING

D. GROVER BROOKS

ELECTROL

The Oil Burner that means economy, with service behind it. Let us quote installed prices.

Heating and Plumbing
Also MHI Work as Usual

H. ALTON BACON

BRYANT POND, MAINE

USED CARS WANTED IN GOOD CONDITION

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.
So. Paris, Maine Tel. 307

BAUKHAGE

BRINGS YOU THE FACTS IN THIS PAPER

Few writers of our time are better equipped by experience and background to write the story of men and events in our national capital than Baukhage, popular Washington news analyst and commentator. His column, "Washington Digest," is written specially for the country press. Be sure to read

WASHINGTON DIGEST

Regularly in This Paper

Wilma

MONDAY

AN

FOR